

The SKETCH



No. 63.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS LETTY LIND IN "GO-BANG," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The representation of Romford remains unchanged, for the Conservative candidate was returned, though with the majority fell from 1182 (in 1892) to 683. The polling for Wisbech took place.—The Duke of York laid the foundation-stone of an institute at Worcester to commemorate the jubilee of the Queen.—Lord Shand presided for the first time at the Miners' Board of Conciliation. He said the experiment was a very great one, and it would be humiliating if the members should not succeed in their end.—The Prince of Wales had a narrow escape as he was leaving Marseilles this morning. He was detained in conversation with several friends until the train started, when he jumped into it, and had some difficulty in keeping his foothold. But for the vigilance of the engine-driver a fatal accident might have occurred.—A huge fire broke out at the London Docks, when a large warehouse was burned down. Two hundred firemen and twenty steamers were on the spot. There were stored in the basement 60,000 vessels containing quicksilver, each valued at £15, belonging to the Rothschilds.—A man was hanged at Leeds for the murder of his wife.—Mr. Christie Murray appeared at Bow Street answer a summons which charged him with failing to neglect his wife, who, he said, was a dipsomaniac, and whom he allowed twelve shillings a-week. Finally, the case was adjourned to enable some arrangement to be made between the parties.—The Duke of Coburg opened in person the Diet of his Duchies.—The Servian Cabinet of M. Simitch has resigned, and a new one has been appointed, with M. Nicolaievitch at its head.

Wednesday. Wisbech returned Mr. Brand again with a majority of 136, an increase of fourteen on that of 1892.—Mr. Asquith, speaking at Huddersfield, referred to the projected cave turning out a single cell, tenanted by a single hermit, whose gregarious instincts would get the better of his temporary passion for isolation.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach spoke at Bristol and Mr. Matthews at Birmingham.—The anniversary banquet of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, an institution founded in the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, was held in the Salters' Hall.—An inquest was held at the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers, Clapham Park Road, on the body of Father Alfred Egan, who was suffocated by gas from a "geyser."—Another bomb was exploded to-night in a Paris restaurant. Several persons were injured.—The Convention of Paris, embodying the results of the deliberations of the International Sanitary Conference, was formally signed.—Fifteen German officers have been compulsorily retired for their share in the recent gambling scandals.—A Frankfort-on-the-Maine hotel was burned, four persons being killed and five injured.—The Spanish Cortes were opened, a Bill being introduced for the repression of Anarchism. Capital punishment is imposed as the penalty for the perpetration of outrages.—The Pondoland chief who has recently proved troublesome has submitted to the Cape Government, and will be exiled.

Thursday. The Liberals have retained Mid-Lanark, though their total polled has fallen by 646. The Labour party have doubled the vote given for Mr. Keir Hardie six years ago.—Newcastle has equipped itself with an educational institute: Rutherford College, affiliated with London University, was opened by the Duke of York.—The Prince of Wales arrived in London from Paris. He was the subject of some strictures by Alderman the Rev. Fleming Williams, who said his Royal Highness was the owner of one of those slums that disgrace London. It remained rotting in disease, filth, and crime, and the rent derived from it was spent in baccarat and otherwise by the future King of England.—"Scott," of Ardlamont fame, surrendered himself to the London police, who, however, declined to arrest him, as the warrant against him has been withdrawn.—A Frenchman called Meunier was brought up at Bow Street for extradition. He is supposed to have been connected with the Café Véry explosion in Paris. A companion was remanded on the charge of trying to rescue him. Another French Anarchist was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions to six months' imprisonment for having burglar's tools in his possession.—The bomb used in the Paris café last night is said to have been the most powerful engine of the sort yet employed in a crime of this kind in Paris.—Attempted bomb outrages are reported from Galicia and Bohemia.—The Medical Congress in Rome came to an end, when the President proposed that the next congress be held in Russia.—Labour riots have taken place in the south-west of Pennsylvania, following on a strike of colliers, who are mostly Hungarian. Twenty men have already been killed in several collisions, and the Governor of the State says he is helpless.

Friday. The first meeting of the University Court of the new Welsh University was held in the Privy Council Chamber, Downing Street, Lord Rosebery presiding. The two points that make the University appeal to him as a Scotchman are that it will in the main be a place for poor students and that it will help to preserve the ancient traditions, literature, and language of the gallant little principality.—Lord Shand's remarks at the Miners' Conciliation Board have roused the wrath of Mr. Bailey, the Nottingham miners' agent. He says he would rather face all the horrors of another strike than let Lord Shand decide on the miners' grievances.—A cruiser for the Japanese Government was launched from Newcastle-on-Tyne.—A letter written by Lord Byron from Missolonghi in

1824, in which he said he meant "to stick to the Greeks to the last rag of canvas or shirt, and not to go snivelling back, like the rest of them up till now," was sold at Sotheby's for £6. A Tennyson letter brought £17 10s., and one by Henrietta Maria £32 10s.—Signor Mascagni played some pieces on the pianoforte before the Queen at the Villa Fabbricotti.—The German Emperor arrived at Pola *en route* to Venice, which King Humbert reached in the afternoon.—The Swiss National Council adopted the Bill submitted to it by the Federal Council for the repression of Anarchism.—The reporters of the Hungarian Parliament threaten to strike, because the President of the Lower House, to punish Press indiscretions, has blocked up the corridors leading to the galleries.—The complete annexation of Pondoland has been peacefully effected. The area of the territory is 4000 square miles, and the population about 170,000.

Saturday. Major Le Caron was quietly buried in the Church of England ground at Norwood Cemetery this afternoon. His widow, his daughter, his mother, a brother, and Mr. Heinemann, his publisher, were among the mourners. The *Times* was represented by Mr. Soames, and a handsome wreath of lilies was sent from Printing House Square. A ridiculous report is being circulated that he is not dead, but is now on his way to one of the most distant of our colonies.—Lord Roberts laid the memorial stone of the new chancel and transept of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Woolwich, upon the site of which a church has stood for a thousand years.—A very large meeting of Metropolitan School Board teachers was held in the Memorial Hall to protest against the religious instruction circular of the Board. Much strong speaking was indulged in, and the meeting carried, with six dissentients, a resolution regretting the issue of the circular, while it was agreed to issue a manifesto, in the event of the circular still being issued, calling on all teachers to withdraw from religious instruction altogether.—The last International match of the season, England v. Scotland, was played at Glasgow before 40,000 people, and resulted in a draw, each side having two goals.—The Court of Appeal dismissed the appeal of Mr. Harmont, who financed "Charley's Aunt," against the verdict of £750 which a jury awarded to Miss Emily Sheridan. The Master of the Rolls asked what was the good of a new trial. All the plaintiff would do would be to put on a new bonnet and she would win again.—The man Lindus, who shot his wife in the City, and the man who shot a Holborn barmaid were sentenced to twelve and seven years' imprisonment respectively.—The German Emperor arrived at Venice in the Moltke this morning, and was heartily greeted by King Humbert and by great crowds of people.

Sunday. The reception of the Kaiser by the people of Venice has been very enthusiastic. King Humbert visited the Emperor on board the Moltke this afternoon. In the evening a banquet was given at the Royal Palace in honour of the Kaiser, who appeared on a balcony and dropped a flower amid the thousands of people who had gathered on the terrace.—The imports for March and for the first quarter of the year show respective increases of £1,281,552 and £10,845,490 when compared with the corresponding returns of last year, while the exports show decreases of £622,000 and £1,334,001.—A Grimsby trawler, the Chilian, returning home from a very successful fishing expedition in Iceland, stranded during a fog early this morning on Filey Brigg, and six of the crew were drowned. A second trawler was trusting to the pilotage of the master of the Chilian, but was luckily warned off in time to avoid what might have been a second wreck. A London schooner ran ashore at Robin Hood Bay, but all hands were saved. The Cunarder Campania was detained at Queenstown, the backing eccentric rod of the port engine having become bent. She resumed her voyage in the evening.

Monday. It is stated from Zanzibar that the British Government is to retain Uganda with a local Administration, though it is not known whether or how far it will be dependent on Zanzibar.—"If any of my friends ask how I am," Mr. Gladstone is said to have written in a letter the other day, "tell them I feel like a disestablished Church with the bracing breezes blowing around me."—The masons of Vienna are to be locked out, owing to the attempt of the men to boycott a firm which refused to concede an eight-hours day.—The reporters of Budapest are not to strike, after all, because the President of the Diet has withdrawn his obnoxious decision.—Prince Eugene Ruspoli, a son of the Syndic of Rome, has been killed by an elephant while exploring the Somali and Upper Juba regions.—A man has been arrested in Paris on suspicion of having been concerned in the recent explosion.

For the Epsom Spring Meeting the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements, so that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria (West End) and London Bridge (City) Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on Epsom Downs, near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station, changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station. The South Western Railway Company also announce that they have arranged to run the usual special express trains from Waterloo direct to their stations at Epsom. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station in connection.

WHAT THE "YELLOW BOOK" IS TO BE.

SOME MEDITATIONS WITH ITS EDITORS.

The *Yellow Book*, about which the town is being painted red, will come into existence next Monday; its publishers are Matthews and Lane, of Vigo Street. Obviously, if I had waited until then (writes a *Sketch* interviewer), I should merely have been one of the ruck in making the acquaintance of the stranger.

Therefore, I went and saw the editors of the venture, and got them to tell me all about it. Mr. Henry Harland is the literary editor, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley the art editor. They are both so well known



MR. HENRY HARLAND.
SKETCHED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

that I don't mean to say a single word as to how they looked, or what sort of ties they had on, or if they had any at all, when I saw them; but as it is impossible—at least, would be clumsy—to have three people in an interview, I propose to regard Mr. Henry Harland and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley—temporarily only, and purely for the purposes of this interview—as one—as the editorial "we."

"Where did the idea of the quarterly come from?" I asked for a start.

"The idea," quoth we, "has been simmering for a good while. As the *Yellow Book* stands, it is the invention of ourselves and Mr. John Lane. It would hardly be worth while tracing the idea from its first conception, as it grew, shall we say, like a mustard-seed."

"Well, there's a connection between mustard and the colour of the name of the quarterly. Why the name?"

"Oh, we considered ever so many names, and at last came to this—why not call it after some colour, green, or blue, or anything else? We preferred yellow, and then, as to the name 'Book,' why, that's also very simple. The quarterly is to be a book, a thing to be put in the library just like any other volume, a complete book. Hence, 'Yellow' and 'Book'—the *Yellow Book*, and, please, you see that the name formed itself entirely apart from the suggestion of Japan's yellow books—official reports."

"What is to be the leading note of the *Yellow Book*?"

"All magazines, if they are any good at all, must have clever stuff in them; that is a primary essential. We want, also, to be distinctive, to be popular in the best and truest sense of the word. And we don't want to be precious or eccentric. We feel that the time has come for an absolutely new era in the way of magazine literature. When the *Century* was started, it was, in magazine literature, far ahead of anything else; now it is as far behind, and probably, in time, we shall get behind also, and somebody younger will take the lead. Distinction, modernness—these, probably, so nearly as they can be picked out, are the two leading features of our plan."

"I think I noticed somebody saying that most of your contributors belonged to what was described as the Vigo Street school?"

"That's not so. True, the quarterly is to be published at the Bodley Head; but if you'll run your eye down the list of contributors you'll see that it's not one of Bodley Head authors and artists. What about Sir Frederic Leighton, Richard Garnett, John Oliver Hobbes, George Saintsbury, Austin Dobson, Lanoe Falconer, Frank Harris, Henry James, and ever so many more?"

"You'll leave aside a good deal that characterises the old type of magazine?"

"We hope so—the old bad traditions. In many ways our contributors will employ a freer hand than the limitations of the old-fashioned periodical can permit. Take an example. Look round our magazines and think if you see any with room for longer short stories than ones of, say, four or five thousand words. Now, some of the finest short stories in the English language are twice as long as that. We shall have short short stories, plus the advantage of being able to publish also long short stories."

"I assume that the quarterly will have no policy on current affairs. Will it deal at all with current affairs?"

"Only when the subject is one of permanent interest. In other words, if a subject happen to be topical, and, at the same time, of permanent interest, it would come within our scope. But the fact that an article chances to have a bearing on some subject being talked about at the moment will not influence the acceptance of that article in the very least. What goes into the *Yellow Book* will go in on the absolute rule of workmanship—value from the literary point of view. In fine, the notion is that the *Yellow Book* should contain what is literature, and only what is literature—literature in all its phases."

"About the illustrations: they are, I understand, to be entirely distinct from the text?"

"There is to be no connection whatever; text and illustrations will be quite separate. This has never been done before—never attempted, so far as we know; but the advantages are obvious. Many magazines—perhaps most—would not publish a picture unless it related to some of the reading matter. What does that mean? Why, that art is made the handmaid of literature—that art is placed on a lower level. Occasionally



MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.
SKETCHED BY HIMSELF.

an author may have to write so that he may be illustrated; but that would be a less frequent hardship. We want to put literature and art on precisely the same level."

"Do you say that the pictures and the text will never be part and parcel of each other?"

"Not necessarily never, because an occasion might arise when one man was the author of both, when both were part of one work. Saving that we permit ourselves such an exception, the distinction between the pictures and the text is to be hard and fast. A picture will have to recommend itself purely as a work of art—that will be the one and

final test. If you were to bring us a bad picture of the Crucifixion, we should not take it; but if you brought us a good picture of a pumpkin, it's highly probable we should take it."

"What kind of appearance is the 'Book' to have—yellow cover, white paper, black printing, and illustration?"

"All the pictures in the first number are to be black-and-white, but after a time we are likely to use colours. Print and pictures will never be on the same pages; in fact, the pictures will be on special paper and worked off by hand presses. By-the-bye, the Lord Mayor is our paper-maker. The outside cover has a design which it's to be hoped folk will like at once, because it's to be permanent."

More secrets there were, I knew, to be dragged from the editorial lucky-bag, but I thought I had better leave something for the *Yellow Book* itself to reveal.

"GEORGE FLEMING'S" NEW PLAY.

At the Garrick, on Saturday night, naturally, the cynosure of the evening was the brilliant young dramatist, Miss Constance Fletcher, who was visible in a box on the prompt side of the house, and at the end of the play actually appeared before the curtain to acknowledge the enthusiastic applause of the audience. She looked charming in a picture gown of ivory satin, with a long white crêpe drapery caught up near the



THE COVER OF THE "YELLOW BOOK."

décolletage by a gracefully tied bow of bright green. Among the audience was Lady Violet Greville, deeply gratified, no doubt, at the success of her sister dramatist's original work. Lady Lewis, by the side of the terrible Sir George, looked very handsome in a dress of heavy black brocade, whose huge sleeves of cream satin were embroidered with a conventional design in mother-o'-pearl. The bodice, half veiled in creamy-hued lace, was edged with sequins, also *nacres*. Beside her was her pretty daughter—the Pole Star, no doubt, of half the unmarried briefless barristers of London. Mrs. Gilbert, the wife of the illustrious "Bab Ballad" William, was gracefully gowned in pale willowy green satin, with berthe of embroidered gauze, and gorgeous diamonds glistened on her throat. Mrs. Bancroft, who came to do honour to the new production of her old friend and fellow-worker, was greeted with hearty applause when she took her seat in the central row of stalls. The mass of grey hair surmounting her bright, *espiggle* face proved eminently becoming to the inimitable Polly Eccles of days that most of us hope are not gone by for ever. Mrs. George Alexander was dressed with the faultless taste which betrays her French origin as clearly as the fascination of her manner. Among the host of other guests were Oscar and Mrs. Wilde; the popular Bram Stoker, shaking hands with half the stalls; the genial Sydney Lowe; Mrs. F. Ogilvie, in a Parisian arrangement of black, shepherd's plaid, and red roses; some of the clever Terry family; and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, from whose brilliant pen we hope for a more ambitious play than she has yet given to us.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE SYRIA OTTOMAN RAILWAY COMPANY.—This company seems to have been incorporated for the purpose, among others, of making a railway from Akka and Haifa to Damascus and of establishing a navigation service on the Sea of Galilee. With Colonel Surtees as chairman and a formidable list of bankers, engineers, solicitors and brokers, we can almost see the hand of our old friend Horatio Bottomley in the way this scheme is presented to the public. Five per cent. debentures, secured by a floating charge on a railway heaven only knows where, and not yet built, are not a very tempting investment; but we do not suppose any sane human being in the United Kingdom has been foolish enough to send in an application, so that no great harm has been done, and a couple of thousand pounds will, no doubt, be distributed among the various newspapers in the shape of advertisements. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

THE INTERNATIONAL ELECTRIC STORAGE, LIMITED.—This company has been formed and now asks the public for £150,000 to purchase and work certain accumulated patents in this country. With Mr. J. R. Ellerman as accountant, and Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, and Crisp as solicitors, one would almost expect to find Mr. O'Hagan as promoter; but it is not so, and, despite the Edison-Swan connection, we do not suppose the underwriters—assuming such confiding persons could be found—will be relieved of any considerable portion of their shares. There may yet be time to withdraw before allotment by spending sixpence on a telegram.

CHAFFEY BROTHERS, LIMITED.—This company, which has been for some time well and favourably known, is offering 5 per cent. debentures and 6 per cent. preference shares. We believe it is well worth investors' while to secure the debentures at the issue price of 97. They are secured by a specific charge on freehold land in Australia which is every day growing in value, and, but for the fact that there may not be a free market in them, we should consider they were in every way an admirable investment.

D. H. EVANS AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company is offering 6 per cent. preference and ordinary shares to the public, and from the accountant's certificate of profits and the workmanlike board of directors we consider the venture one of those fair home industrial concerns which will probably justify the confidence of the investing public. Every person who lives in or visits London knows the shop, and, with judicious expenditure in advertising, we see no reason to think the estimates of the future increase in the profits unreasonable. The preference shares may, at least, be considered well assured of their annual dividend.

THE BOROUGH OF LEICESTER THREE PER CENT. STOCK.—This is a gilt-edged issue which is sure to be fully subscribed, and for which any investor may safely apply.

THE ISLE OF MAN TRAMWAYS AND ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company is offering debentures, preference, and ordinary shares, and is formed to purchase certain tramway lines now working. Why the present proprietors are anxious to sell does not appear, and from the public experience of Isle of Man companies we do not suppose the English investor is likely to respond to the invitation. The debentures are, in all probability, safe enough, but there will not be a market for them, and the whole concern had better be left alone.

THE BIRMINGHAM RACECOURSE COMPANY, LIMITED.—This is a venture which, if sound, will be quickly taken up in and around the great Midland centre from which it takes its name. What the vendors are paying the Earl of Bradford by way of rent does not appear, and, as a journey to Birmingham is necessary to inspect the contracts, we are not in a position to give advice; but intending subscribers would do well to see what it is they are paying £37,000 for, and what profit rental the Nottingham Contract Corporation have added before parting with the property at the modest figure they are now asking. After allotment it will be too late to find these things out with any sort of advantage.

CELIBACY IN RETROSPECT.

I am a man. I am fifty. I am just married. This is how I came to it. At thirty years of age, after numerous harrowing love affairs and final rejection by the last adored, I voted women a mistake and took to cynicism for six months; told everybody not concerned that the very act of falling in love showed it to be beneath one. They were not impressed, and asked if that was a pun. Recovering somewhat, resumed my stall at the Gaiety, went out otherwise as well, and was subjugated by the charming Nelly and a succession of others. At five-and-thirty my hair grew thin at the top. Day actually fixed. Quarrelled over settlements at last moment and was thrown overboard. Rather relieved, on the whole, and wondered how I could have been such an idiot as to think of marriage at my young age. At forty-five, took rather more to dinner parties, eschewed the fair, and dropped the *deux temps* as puffy exercise. Unwelcome appearance of a second chin, followed by violent morning rides in Park; but no go, extra chin would not retire into its previous non-existence. Began to resign myself to corpulence, and thought of standing for an Irish borough, being recommended mental activity as an antidote to fat. At fifty, once more began to think seriously of settling down. She must, however, be young, beautiful, and have shekels as a primary condition. Critically overhauled my acquaintance—settled on any one of half-a-dozen charming girls as suitable. Caught sight of my bald head in drawing-room the day I meant to propose; lost courage as she came in; conversation paused at the weather; went home; reviewed the position. Married cook yesterday, and so provided comfortably for my old age.

MEM.—Man is born to dine as the sparks fly upward.

Business-like precision, grace and charm of arrangement were the characteristics of Fräulein Wilke's gymnastic display, given on the 6th inst. at the Public Hall, Croydon. Nearly a hundred children and ladies took part, and the mass exercises, with coloured scarves and wreaths of flowers, were immensely admired. Fräulein Wilke is a most graceful girl, and gives her commands in a musical voice. Her solo with Indian clubs and vocal accompaniment were a pretty feature.

H A Y M A R K E T T H E A T R E.—M R. T R E E,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, a New Play, called
ONCE UPON A TIME.
At 8, SIX PERSONS, by I. Zangwill.
MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, April 14, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5, or by letter or telegram.

HAYMARKET.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.—TWELFTH NIGHT.
Miss Ada Rehan as Viola. Last four weeks of the season, which positively terminates May 5. Matinée, Saturday, at 2. Matinées also Saturday, April 21, Wednesday, April 25, and (last) Saturday, April 28. Thursday, April 19, One Hundredth performance of "Twelfth Night." May 5 (Farewell performance of Miss Rehan and Mr. Daly's Company), "As You Like It," for the Matinée and Evening.

EMPIRE.—TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 7.50, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10.30, by Mr. George Edwardes, arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, music by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel and Mr. Ernest Ford, supported by Mlle. Brambilla, Signor Vincenzi, and Signorina Cavallazzi. Grand Varieties: Vanoni, the Avolo Boys, the Three Judges, Charles Tilbury, Marie Lloyd, Paul Cinquevalli, Cliff Ryland, Dureux and Giraldic, Clara Wieland. Doors open 7.30. TO-NIGHT, at 9.30, an entirely new series of LIVING PICTURES. Another Empire success.

CONSTANTINOPLE.
TWICE DAILY, at 12 noon and 6 p.m.
Once within Olympia's portals, all is brightness, pleasure, beauty, all too lovely to describe! It must be seen! Bolossy Kiraly's Wonderful Masterpiece. Teeming with exquisite delight and splendour unparalleled. Open at 12 noon and 6 p.m. Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.

ADMISSION EVERYWHERE (including Reserved Seats), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (for Six), £3 3s. Seats over 2s. may be booked at Box-Offices or at Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinées to seats above 1s.

OLYMPIA.
SUPERB PROGRAMME.
Colossal Stage. Gigantic Effects. 2000 Performers. Lovely Ballets. Reproduction of Constantinople and Waters of the Bosphorus. Subterranean Lake and Hall of 1001 Columns. Mysterious Tableauxs of Arabian Nights.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
EPSOM RACES, April 17 and 18.—The only route to the Epsom Downs Station on the Racecourse, the quickest and best route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will run direct to Epsom and Epsom Downs from London Bridge and Victoria from 11.35 a.m. to 1.20 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction in connection with Trains from Kensington (Addison Road) Station 11.40 a.m. and 12.9 and 12.49 p.m. Returning from Epsom Downs from 4 to 5.45 p.m., and from Epsom Town Station from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

FARES to Epsom Town: Single, 4s.; Return, 7s. 6d.; and to Epsom Downs, Single, 4s. 6d.; Return, 8s.

CHEAP TRAINS, at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares, run from London Bridge and Victoria to Epsom at frequent intervals up to 11.20 a.m., and from Kensington up to 11.13 a.m.

The Special Express Tickets may be obtained on and from Saturday, April 14, at the above Railway Stations; also at the West-End Booking and Inquiry Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and these two offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, April 16 and 17.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by the South-Western Railway to Epsom Town are not available to return by the Brighton Company's direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
EPSOM SPRING RACES.—On TUESDAY, April 17, and WEDNESDAY, 18th.—The SHORTEST ROUTE. CHEAP TRAINS at Ordinary Fares from Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction up to and including a Train about 11.20 a.m. FAST TRAINS at SPECIAL FARES after 11.20 a.m., until 1.25 p.m., and after the Races from Epsom 3.15 to 6 p.m. Passengers holding Ordinary Tickets cannot return until after 6 p.m.

A Special Direct Train will leave Waterloo (stopping at Vauxhall) for Epsom at 1.25 p.m. KENSINGTON LINE.—Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at West Brompton two, and Chelsea five minutes later) at 8.29, 8.42, 9.12, 9.33, 10.13, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40 a.m., and 12.9 and 12.49 p.m., in connection with Ordinary and Special Trains to Epsom.

For the sale of Tickets and for giving general information the Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, and the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, April 16, and Tuesday, April 17.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by the Brighton Company's route to Epsom are not available to return by the South-Western short quick route.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

THE SKETCH.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

AN AMERICAN PEERESS

By H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

2 vols., crown 8vo.

[Ready.

ENID LYLE.

By BESSIE HATTON.

2 vols., crown 8vo.

[This day.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, Limited.

NEW NOVELS AT THE LIBRARIES.

READY THIS DAY.

THOROUGH. By MARY A. M. MARKS, Author of "Masters of the World," &c. In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

JUST READY.

A BEGINNER. By RHODA BROUGHTON, Author of "Nancy," &c. In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

THE GREATER GLORY. By MAARTEN MAARTENS, Author of "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

"No review can do justice to the many deep and delicate studies in this careful, brilliant, and picturesque book."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

NOW READY.

A DEVOTED COUPLE. By J. MASTERMAN, Author of "The Scotts of Bestminster." 3 vols., crown 8vo.

"Full of sweet domesticities of English family life, with a spice of Indian adventure thrown in. A most agreeable, clever, and wholesome story."—SCOTSMAN.

NOW READY.

EVE'S APPLE. By M. DEANE. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

"The book is most admirably written. The style has the ease and grace which comes of care and thought. The author has placed a fascinating personality in the thick of an interesting period."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

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NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 7, 1894.

At last it really seems as if a revival of Stock Exchange business—and, probably, of prices—has come to stay. The difference is most marked inside the House, where, a month ago, jobbers and brokers were kicking their heels and indulging in various forms of amusement. Now they are hard at work, for the revival seems to have spread to nearly every market, and is especially marked in sound second-class stuff.

The public appetite for Colonial loans has shown considerable signs of repletion, and the warnings which we have felt it our duty to press upon you for some time have been fully justified. As confidence revives and investors begin again to put some trust in the intrinsic merits of the various undertakings whose shares and bonds are on offer, we may expect the comparatively timid commencement which has been made of late to gather strength and volume, and considerable improvement in many a sound industrial or trading security to take place. For the present, we are inclined to think that Colonial stocks, such as Queensland 3½—which you bought below 80 not very long ago—have reached their fair value.

If to the general cheerfulness there has been any exception, it has been in the Home Railway market, where, even allowing for the fact that traffics compare with Easter week last year, the prospects are not encouraging. After admitting all favourable considerations, there are no people who get a worse return and run comparatively so great a risk as the holders of the ordinary stock of the majority of the English railways. To receive something a trifle over 3 per cent. and to bear all the burden of coal strikes, labour disputes, increased cost of materials, and the thousand-and-one contingencies to which every great trading concern is exposed, may be worth doing, if you anticipate an adequate return in good times; but to be the holder of securities which under favourable circumstances will pay you 3½ per cent., and in bad times something considerably less, has always seemed to us one of those extraordinary things which it was useless to reason against, but which must be accepted as an amiable weakness of the English investor. We must, dear Sir, accept the position, and ask you to remember these general remarks as qualifying what we may from time to time have to say about any particular stock.

For the last fortnight there has been a general tip going round to sell Brighton A for a five-point fall, but, although the stock has shown occasional weakness, we congratulate you on following our advice and refusing to be "caught a bear." You know there are several new railway ventures on the *tapis*, the Central London one being the most important. Generally speaking, it is well to let other people subscribe, and purchase their shares at something less than par when they get tired of waiting during the usually long process of construction. Do not subscribe for any new issues, dear Sir, without communicating with us.

We hear much about the coming boom in Yankee Rails, but, in truth, public confidence has not yet grown so strong as to mean much more than a little mild speculation in this market. It would require, however, no great encouragement to induce considerable and comparatively permanent improvement in this market, especially among the highest class of shares. We look forward to the passing of the tariff legislation as probable, and we fully expect considerable improvement in trade all over the States as soon as the new Bill becomes law. Securities such as Norfolk and Western Preference at current prices must, we should imagine, in the long run yield a fair profit, provided always that you make up your mind, dear Sir, to pay for them, and bide your time. As we have always told you, Atchison shares will certainly have to be assessed, while the A and B bonds are a good speculative investment. We know you are a firm supporter of the London committee, and you will improve your prospects by inducing all your friends to support this body.

The Canadian Pacific meeting was by no means bullish in tone, and the shares have suffered in consequence. The trade position in Canada is bad, and the low price of grain and other farm produce operates unfavourably upon the earnings of this line; but if you think, as we do, that there is every prospect of improvement, you will be rather a buyer than a seller of these shares at anything under 72. There has been a considerable rise in Wabash Preference shares and B debentures, for reasons which no one seems to understand, but if you will have a finger in the pie, dear Sir, buy the B debentures, which are far cheaper than the other securities of the line.

The feature of the International market has been three large deals in connection with the Baring estate, which, quite apart from their magnitude, are satisfactory indication of improved position and of the inclination of the large financial houses to again take part in speculative investment. We have so continually recommended to your notice Uruguay 3½ stock at all sorts of prices below 38 that you rightly inferred we had private information of a satisfactory character, which, even to you, we could not disclose, and you have, therefore, dear Sir, profited by a 5 per cent. rise. That in ten days large blocks of Uruguay Consolidated stock, Buenos Ayres Waterworks bonds, and City of Monte Video debentures should change hands, and that part of the terms of the deal should be the option of calling for further blocks of the same securities at prices above the present quotations, is a very favourable sign of the times, and we congratulate ourselves on the fact that we have been recommending two out of the three securities to your notice from time to time for many weeks, and even months.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

(Suggested by the recent production at the Haymarket Theatre.)

Dwelt a King, so runs the story,

Once upon a time;

Mighty he in earthly glory,
Proud of race, of aspect regal,
Skilled in arts and matters legal—
All the kingdom at his feet."Power is good and worship meet;
What is lacking," murmured he,
"In my kingdom by the sea?"

To the Court there came a stranger,

Once upon a time;

"I have fared through dread and danger
To this Court, O mighty King.
'What is lacking?' That I bring.
Lo! a talisman, whose might,Worked with skill and used aright,
All you lack shall give," quoth he,
"In this kingdom by the sea

"This I do—I ask no payment—

(Once upon a time)

I will weave such magic raiment
As shall prove the men you rule—
Test the knave and shame the fool.
To all hearts of guile the spleen our
Of the robe I humbly tenderIs invisible," quoth he,
"In the kingdom by the sea."

Then the King, so runs the story,

Once upon a time,

Wore the magic robe whose glory
None could see: in every mind
Guile and cunning lurked behind.
"See, O King," the tailor cried,
"Has the magic garment lied?""All is vanity," quoth he,
"In my kingdom by the sea."

Was the stranger's promise broken

Once upon a time?

Did he weave the magic token?
Even so, and showed the King,
Wondrous gifts though fortune bring,
Still, the best of all, in sooth,
Is the gift of purest truth.

"Truth henceforth shall rule," quoth he,

"In my kingdom by the sea."

KATHLEEN GREEN.



MISS JESSIE BOND AS HELEN TAPELEIGH IN "GO-BANG," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Jockey Club ought, I think, to appoint an official compiler of racing news—a gentleman who should attend every important meeting, and compile a true and special description of each race. He could get details of the start from the official starter, and news of the placings and horses pulling-up from the judge, while he might be invested with power to get explanations as to interference, &c., from the jockeys riding. I am certain, if reports "real true and particular" were published officially each week, public form would, in the near future, be a true guide.

We are not likely to see any betting over the Guineas until it is finally known whether Ladas will run or not. The Premier is very anxious to win the Derby with his colt, and he will, I believe, leave it entirely to Matt Dawson to say whether Ladas shall compete over the Rowley Mile or not. In my opinion, this will be his hardest race, should he go to the post, and if he wins the Guineas with a bit to spare the triple crown is his for a certainty, bar accidents, and, in my humble opinion, he will do best at Doncaster.

Bloodstock is a drug in the market, and I am afraid the time of high prices for yearlings has gone by. At the same time, the usual exorbitant fees for sires are advertised, so that somebody must lose a lot of money over the breeding of racehorses. When we remember that each year, out of two hundred odd youngsters entered for the Derby, not more than six, at the most, turn out to be good horses, it is surprising that people can be found to buy yearlings costing thousands of pounds.

The City and Suburban will, as of yore, cause plenty of excitement, and it is safe to guess that the field for this race will be a large one. Callistrate has, as a matter of course, been pounced upon by backers who saw the finish for the Cambridgeshire, and Grey Leg, who was left at the post at Lincoln, is a genuine public fancy, and no wonder, seeing he had beaten Mrs. Butterwick in a trial previous to being sent to the Carholme. It is not, by-the-bye, fifty to one against the chances of the last-named at Epsom; the mare won the Oaks easily, and she likes the course.

In these days, when it is possible to put a penny in the slot and procure the latest tips, it is strange that no one has suggested another reform which would be welcomed by racing men the country over. I refer to the establishment of a Turf Bank, with branches at every race meeting. The bank could honour cheques, and, if possible, issue its own notes and tokens, which would in turn come to be valued like Bank of England notes. Further, safes could be put up at the race meetings to hold the bookmakers' valuables at night, and a small annual charge might be made. Of course, the Turf Bank guards would have to be strong men.

Mr. W. H. Moore, in whose stable Why Not was trained for the Grand National, is an Irishman. He is thirty-four years of age, and was born in Tipperary, being educated at Portarlington School. Mr. Moore rode with great success in Ireland before he removed to England to live, and during his residence at Walnut House, Winchester, he rode several good winners in this country; but he was never successful in the Grand National, though his brother, Mr. Garrett Moore, rode the winner of the big cross-country event on one occasion. Last year Mr. Willie Moore removed to Weyhill, and took with him Collins, who has proved a very trusty servant. The training grounds here are sound, the gallops being formed on the old racecourse. Mr. Moore has some good patrons, and the stable is likely to be very dangerous at the winter pastime for some time to come. Mr. Moore has given up

MR. W. H. MOORE.

riding across country, and he now confines his attention to flat races. He is a first-rate amateur jockey.

I hardly see how the managers of the Epsom Meeting are to get over the difficulty of providing drink for visitors without they put one of their officials into a public-house. My own idea is that a really first-class hotel, built just opposite the Grand Stand, could be made to pay a large dividend. If such a one existed, hundreds of golfers and others would patronise the place from Saturday to Monday during the summer months, while, I believe, not a few City men, who could not spare the time to go further afield, would gladly put up at the Downs Hotel the week through.

The leading members of the ring are very sore at the insinuations pointed at them by certain remarks made over the Cloister affair, but it is impossible to deny that bookmakers do get the information about any horse being off colour before backers can obtain the same. The fact of the matter is this: bookmakers pay touts a big price for news good enough to act upon, and I know an instance of a certain horse-watcher who receives £25 a-week salary from one penciller alone. It stands to reason that the bookmaker would not pay the price unless the man was worth it.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

That limited part of the general public which reads the whole of its newspapers must have been greatly entertained by the recent musical and critical controversy in the correspondence columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That lavishly generous pennyworth has comprised lately a more or less spirited daily altercation between its own musical critic and his adherents and certain lights of the musical world. Concerning the dispute, it is small, turning on a question whether a certain performance of Bach's "Matthew" Passion—was it?—was or was not meritorious, and, hence, whether the condemnation pronounced on the performance by the *Pall Mall* critic was just or not. But soon the conflict took wider scope. Were musical experts to have a right to protest against criticisms? Were critics bound to give their readers some description of the performances they witnessed, or were they simply to speak as their own natures moved them?

I think we owe a debt of gratitude to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for vindicating the right of the critic to consider his column as a means of affording recreation, especially in the case of an evening paper, whose readers have already seen the mere reports in the morning *Press*, and need rather to be entertained than informed. This much is conceded, but the further question remains: Is the recreation to be for the critic or his readers? Is he to regard his space as a playground for his own gambols or as a stage whereon he may disport himself with the view of amusing others?

Some of the brilliancies of modern journalists are calculated to make the impartial observer suspect that the writers have their own delectation in view rather than the instruction of classes or masses. A musical critic betrays his opponents into strange misunderstandings by dark allusions to chrysanthemums, a dramatic critic wraps up his sentence in farce or tragedy in word-webs of strange Oriental dyes, gorgeous with the wealth of Nishapur (I hope the circumflex is right) and Babylon, and the City man, reading the page as his lansom or train bowls him homeward of an evening, gasps and passes on, leaving the riddle to any who care to read it.

To me it is infinitely preferable to sink the objective in the subjective, the thing criticised in the critic, and to luxuriate in the unfolding of some rich and learned nature in print. What is it to me that some important item in a concert may have been passed over without mention by a critic? Or what to me that I can form no notion, distantly approaching to definiteness, of the play that secured or failed to secure the attention of a talented journalist? If I was not at the concert myself, or even if I was, what care I if fifty items were disregarded? Give me no slavish commentaries; give me some trenchant attack to start the clash of controversy, or becloud me with some vapour of opalescent language, which shall veil from me the crude outlines of the actual, and leave above the mist golden glimpses of the minarets of Nishapur (I feel sure that there were minarets there, whether there was a circumflex or not) or the hanging gardens of Babylon. Then, why should eminent musicians rage so furiously together against some critic of the fine and large literary species?

I am inclined to think it a sign of grace in a critic of any kind when he wanders widely from his subject. This shows a becoming modesty of temperament; it shows a true appreciation of the critic's duty, which is to be entertaining, independent of his material. It also shows that the critic in question has grasped the central truth of his being—namely, that he is nothing and nobody in particular; that, as a critic merely, he is a parasite of others; that, as a critic merely, his work is ephemeral; that if, in fine, he wishes to live to future ages, he must find some ways of distinction outside of criticism. But how is a professed critic to escape from criticising? Obviously, there is but one plan—irrelevance.

Therefore I say to my brother critics—be irrelevant, and you may be famous; otherwise you have not one chance in a hundred. Your notices of books and plays and pictures must fall into oblivion when their subjects are forgotten, unless the criticisms are saved by their absence of reference to the merely temporary—such as the object to be noticed—and their bold broaching of new topics and propounding of new riddles and paradoxes. Above all, O critics, think not highly of yourselves and your influence, nor encourage others so to think. I have myself been a critic in small ways. I have gone near to libel, or I have praised warmly, and from one as from the other there were no results. I have made, or sought to make, hurricanes in most promising tea-cups, but all relapsed into calm. To be sure, the hurricanes were small, very small—but, then, the tea-cups were still smaller.

MARMITON.

"GO-BANG," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

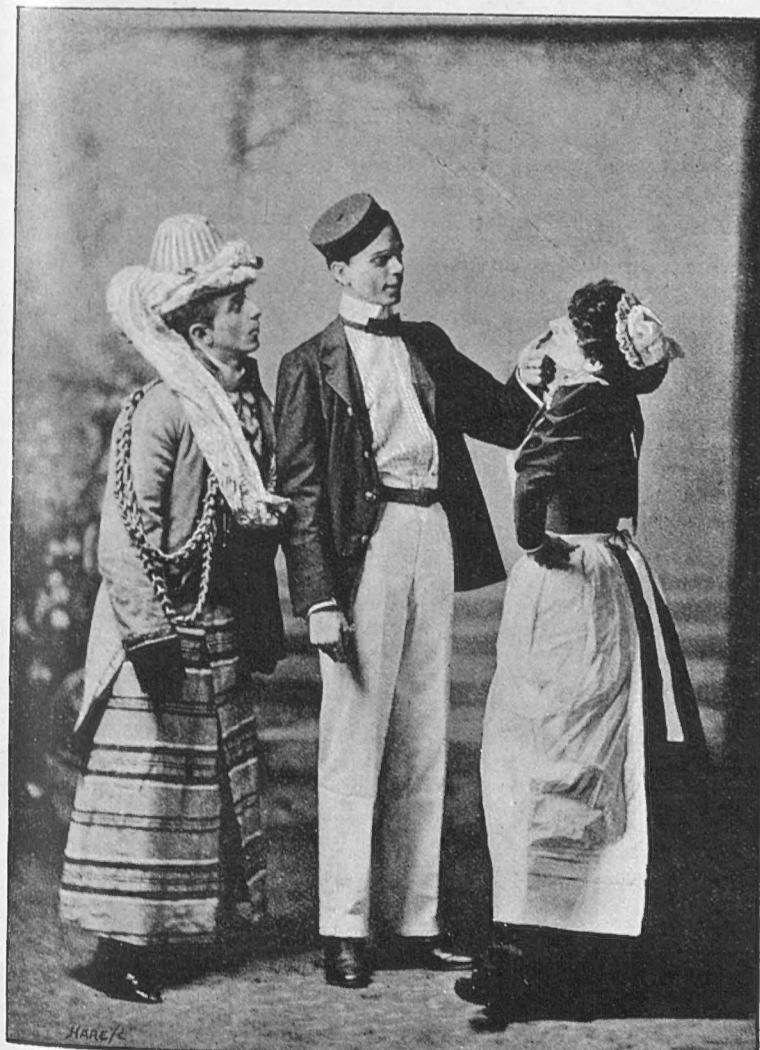
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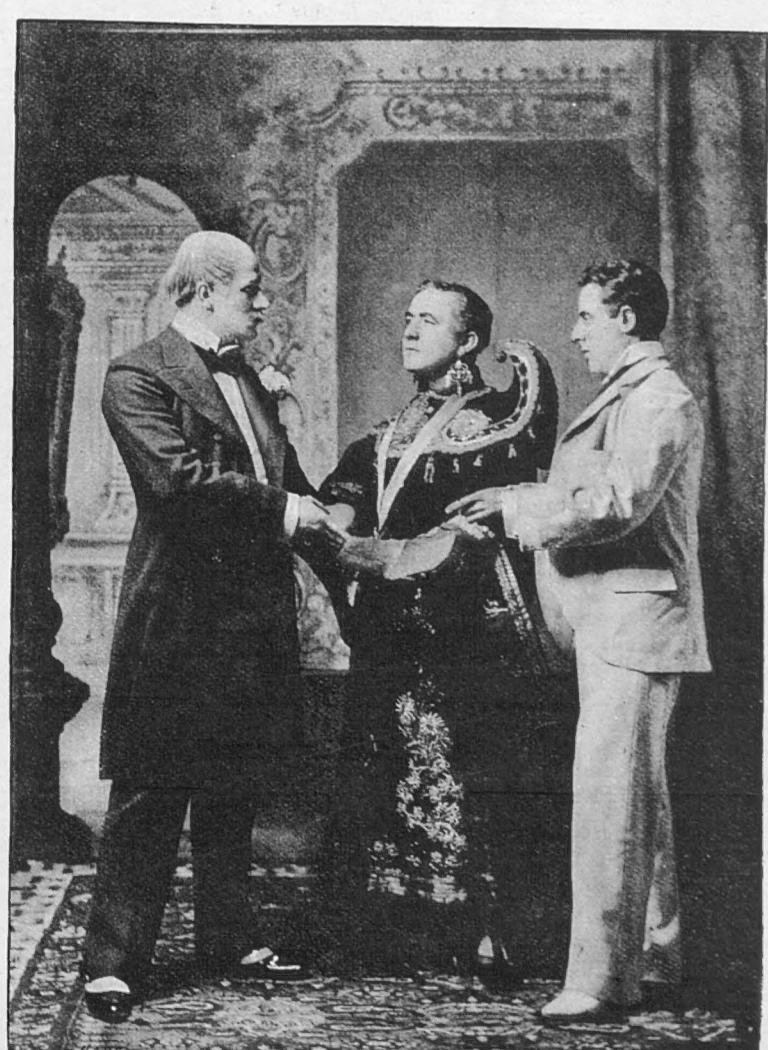
MR. SIDNEY HOWARD (GUARDIAN OF THE GOLDEN CANOPY).



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MR. GRATTON, MR. G. GROSSMITH, JUN. (LIEUT. THE HON. AUGUSTUS FITZPOOP), AND MISS ASTOR.

MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR (SIR REDDAN TAPELEIGH, K.C.S.I.),
MR. J. L. SHINE (THE BOOJAM), AND MR. FREDERICK ROSSE (NARAIN).

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

One of the belles of Folkestone, Miss Alice Riley, was, in the words of the local reporter, "the cynosure of all eyes" last Wednesday at St. Mary's Church, Chelsea. She was married by the Lord Bishop of



Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

MISS ALICE RILEY (MRS. REYNOLDS-PEYTON).

Emmaus to Mr. James Reynolds-Peyton, of Loughseur and Laheen, County Leitrim. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Major Riley, of the 88th Connaught Rangers. The wedding was very fashionable.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

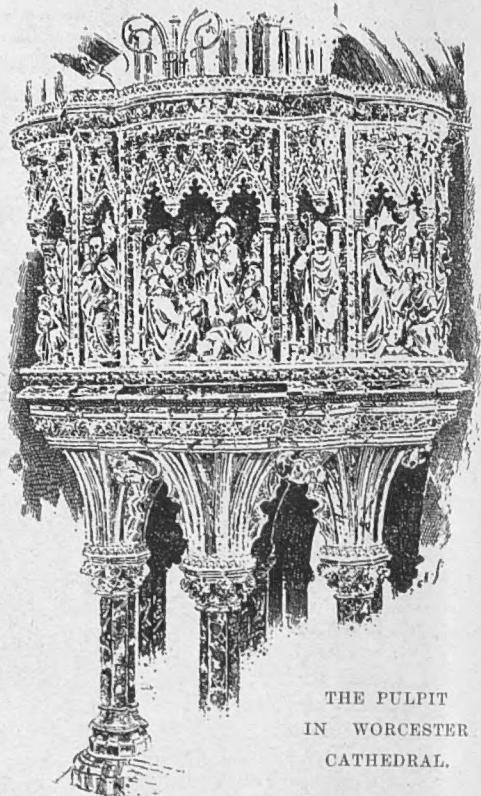
Who will celebrate the Renaissance of the Negro *Minstrel Music*. Minstrel? From the days when Mr. Disraeli loved to lounge and listen to the Moore and Burgess songsters, and, at a still earlier period, when his great rival, Mr. Gladstone, used to charm drawing-room audiences with negro melodies, people have had a partiality for weird slave songs. At one time it seemed as though niggers at St. James's Hall were to give way to the ordinary "pale face" seen so often in the choirs in the great hall, and that the music-hall element would ultimately displace the songs and steps of the minstrels. But I was glad to find "the old order" reigning when I visited the Moore and Burgess entertainment last week. The first part of the programme showed the minstrels at their best and blackest; while in the second part Mr. Quinn played Russian sleigh-bells skilfully, Mr. G. Snow gambolled after the fascinating manners of a native of Senegambia, Mr. Morley played on the banjo, and Mr. Jimmy James showed his marvellous powers with the "bones." The choir sang "Dreaming of Angels" with delightful expression, the young boys especially excelling. The only improvement I humbly suggest is the non-assumption of female dress by men, which is neither funny nor in good taste.

To-morrow Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Bethlehem" will be heard for the first time at the Albert Hall.—Not many singers have won fame previously as instrumentalists, but such is the fact with regard to Miss Florence Monteith. This popular soprano was known in the musical world for some time as a pianist of much talent: she was advised to become a vocalist, with the result that she has quickly eclipsed her previous reputation. Miss Monteith recently appeared for the first time before the critical audience at the Crystal Palace. She is to be one of the attractions of Mr. Percy Notcutt's concert at St. James's Hall on the 28th.

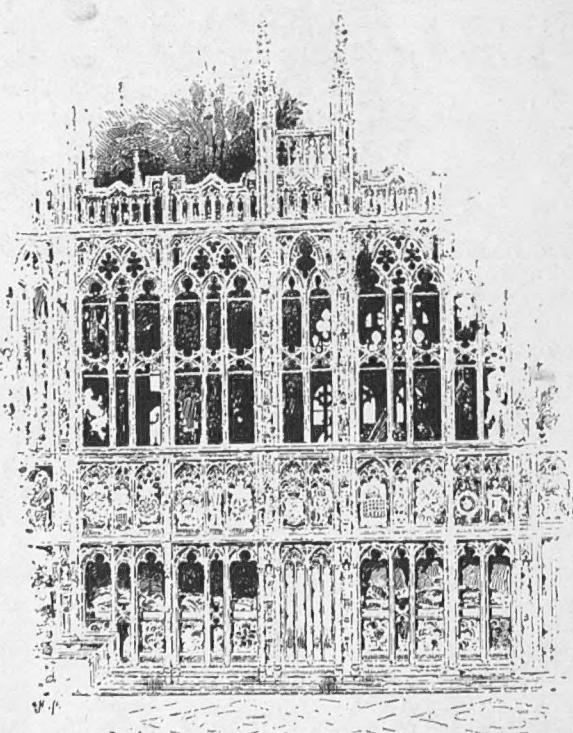
LUTE.

THE DUKE OF YORK AT WORCESTER.

The faithful city of Worcester had another opportunity of exhibiting its loyalty last week. Great interest had been felt by the inhabitants ever since the Duke of York consented to lay the memorial stone of the Victoria Institute, which is being erected at a cost of £40,000. His Royal Highness on the 2nd inst. made acquaintance with the beauties of Croome Court, the seat of Lord Coventry. At Worcester, which the Prince visited on Tuesday, the 3rd, the Mayor (Mr. G. H. Williamson) and the Corporation presented one of those loyal addresses which must already number thousands in the possession of the Duke of York. His Worship afterwards entertained his royal guest to luncheon at the Guildhall. The interior of the building is well adapted for decoration, as many guests who have enjoyed the Mayor's hospitality during festivals can testify, and on this occasion it presented a pretty appearance. The Duke, besides performing the ceremony at the Victoria Institute, found time to visit one of the chief sights of Worcester—the far-famed porcelain works—as well as the Cathedral. He also took tea at the Deanery, and called upon Canon Teignmouth Shore. The fine weather made the whole festivities a splendid success, and in the evening the citizens indulged their love of illuminations. Leaving Worcester, the Duke went to Alnwick Castle, where he was entertained by Earl Percy, on behalf of his aged father, the Duke of Northumberland. Here he had to perform the opening ceremony at Rutherford College, which will be capable of affording instruction to about two thousand students. The work which has had the culminating point in this fine college was begun by the late Dr. Rutherford twenty-four years ago. The rapid rise of Newcastle, which now contains 200,000 inhabitants, makes the existence of the college very necessary, and it has cost £20,000 to erect. By it another link between elementary schools and the Universities is made. The Duke had a most enthusiastic reception from the crowds who thronged the streets. A largely attended luncheon took place at



THE PULPIT
IN WORCESTER
CATHEDRAL.



PRINCE ARTHUR'S CHAPEL, WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

the old Assembly Rooms, where Alderman Quin, the Mayor of Newcastle, presided. The Duke very much enjoyed his visit to the north and the heartiness with which he was everywhere greeted by the loyal inhabitants of Newcastle.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

I notice that in the new Strand burlesque, "Jaunty Jane Shore," serious changes have already been made, and, since there is a fair amount of pleasing matter, success in the end is very likely. On the first night there was some heavy stuff in it. The backbone, which is not of vital importance in these works, was weak. The story of Jane Shore does not lend itself much more readily to burlesque than do the multiplication tables; the popular play on the subject has not been seen so recently as to make hits at it entertaining; consequently, so far as story goes, there was little to interest anybody, and yet the closest attention was required if you wished to understand it.

Nevertheless, there are some plums in the rather unpalatable pudding, and the ingenious "Richard Henry" and John Crook are quite capable of making a good dish out of it. They have got a remarkable new dancer, Mr. Arthur Nelstone, whose work made the feet of pit and gallery itch and their hands clap heartily. He has not only the gifts of a contortionist, but a certain grace, great audacity, and some inventive ability. There is pretty Miss Emmeline Orford, who, as Catesby, sings,

timidity in the employment of her powers. She did not warm to her work. Perhaps it was not surprising, for her part, like the play, was a long one, with little in it. "Miss Rutland" is a respectable, but inadequate, treatment of a rather good subject. Its qualities resembled those of Miss Williams's acting; they were chiefly negative.

Mrs. Greet and Mr. Horace Sedger need hardly acknowledge a debt for the story of "The Little Squire," since, so far as the ground plan goes, it is public property. The tale of the wealthy widow, infatuated by a worthless adventurer and determined to wed him, despite her friends and relatives, yet prevented at the last moment by what conveyancers call "an outstanding incumbrance" in shape of the adventurer's deserted wife, may be claimed by many playwrights, and therefore by none. The worst of taking it from a particular novel is that the dramatists have left in the play details from the book that obscure the plot. In adaptations of novels it is common to find matter that resembles the rudimentary disused organs of which biologists talk—a mere useless reminiscence of a former state of existence.

However, one does not want to talk of biology in dealing with what is really a children's play; for the primary object of "The Little Squire"

Captain Marchmont (Mr. Frank Worthing).



Mr. Firkin Potter (Mr. Charles Groves).

Lady Forres (Miss Mary Moore).

Lord Forres (Mr. Wyndham).

Scene in Act II. Lady Forres: "Give me that letter!"

"AN ARISTOCRATIC ALLIANCE," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

dances, and acts as if she pleased herself as much as she pleased the house. Mr. Harry Paulten, the wicked Glo'ster, has a part in which, for a while, you wanted more of him, till suddenly you craved for less. His peculiar method of monotony, undeniably effective and amusing as it is, does not carry him through such a long part. My pleasantest memory of him is as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, with Lionel Brough as Sir Toby, Miss Saker as Maria, and Mr. Charles Collette as Clown, at the Crystal Palace. Miss Alice Atherton made a hit in a barmaid's song—it reminded one of a capital "bar" scene at the Avenue between Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Phyllis Broughton. Miss Carrie Coote has been ill-treated, for she is ready to dance and delight the people, but the authors hardly give her a chance.

"Miss Rutland," Mr. Richard Pryee's play at the Gaiety, has the merit of letting one gauge the ability of pretty Miss Ette Williams, and the opinion one forms is that some day she will be an actress of importance. She has beauty, a charming voice, discretion, and intelligence. The other side of the hedge is that her acting is like old-fashioned quartz gold mining—the rock might be rich, but you got little gold out of it. She commits few positive faults—does not over-act, does not over-force herself; but there is lack of variety, want of expression, and too great

is to provide a means for the display of three wonderful children, Misses Dorothy Hanbury and Empsie and Isa Bowman—you can read all about them in some recent numbers of *The Sketch*. So far as they are concerned, the play is charming. Miss Hanbury, as the boy who resists his mother's marriage with the scamp, played very cleverly, though not, indeed, with the charm of a Vera Beringer in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It is a great pity that she has not more chance of showing her delightful gifts as a singer. To cut the cackle of the yokels in the first act, and give Miss Hanbury two songs in its place, would be a boon and a blessing to men. Little Empsie as the boy's sweetheart is fascinating; she has quite as clear notions of her art as most actresses of several times her age, and there is no flavour of the mechanical style of the "infant phenomenon." Her sister, Isa, though not yet really at what she calls "the ugly age," is so much older that one is less surprised at her acting; nevertheless, it is very clever and pleasing.

The management has been wise in choosing such actresses as Misses Rose Leclercq, Fanny Brough, and Mary Rorke to set against the children, otherwise the little ones would have overshadowed the grown-up players. Miss Leclercq, who has the best drawn character of the play, is very entertaining in her fine aristocratic snubbing of the villain, and the other ladies act excellently.

MONOCLE.

SMALL TALK.

During the Queen's residence at Balmoral this autumn a bazaar is to be held, under the direct patronage of her Majesty, in aid of the building fund of Crathie Church. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise are to have stalls, and it is hoped that a substantial sum will be realised. The Queen takes much interest in the new church, and subscribed £500 towards the building fund.

The Bishop of Rochester, who, as Clerk of the Closet, is supposed to be constantly in attendance at Court, has been unable, through ill-health, to accompany the Queen to Florence and undertake the services during her residence there. It is a recurrence of the painful malady which threatened his resignation soon after his appointment to the see. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the guest of the Dowager Countess of Crawford, and the Rev. R. Harrison, chaplain at Florence, have officiated each Sunday in the private chapel arranged at the Villa Fabbriotti.

Her Majesty displays a very keen interest in the people of Florence, and has made many inquiries as to the manners and customs which obtain there. They, on the other hand, reciprocate curiosity as to England's Queen and the suite which accompanies her, the Indians, in particular, being a cause of solemn awe on the part of the Florentine boys. I consider the Florentines can live on less than any people I know, dry bread, coffee, macaroni, boiled beef, and a weak soup being their cardinal features of dietary. To see them shop is a comedy which is superior even to the classic hagglings of a couple of Spaniards. A lady sees a bonnet in a window, for example: it is marked twenty francs; she enters, tries it on, offers ten. The shopwoman screams, gesticulates, and will give it at nineteen; would-be buyer shakes her head, makes for door, but will advance to her extreme limit of eleven. Then they settle to work, and a wordy combat follows which spreads over three-quarters of an hour, when the bonnet is finally knocked down at thirteen francs to the victorious bargain-maker. So it goes on: whether the desired article be a piece of tape or a Paris mantle, the strain and strife of this comedy of bargaining is gone through, and gives enormous zest to the purchase on both sides. We have all heard of that typical native of gay Madrid who in the hot season wanted a new white gingham. He saw one which appealed to his fancy in a shop, marked fourteen francs, and seriously turned the umbrella over in his mind. "Fourteen," he reflected; "that means twelve. The dealer will, no doubt, offer it at ten. It is not worth more than eight—possibly six. I don't want to give more than four, however, so I'll offer him two." And this, with further conjugations of the verb "To haggle," is precisely their manner of buying everything in Florence. I cannot over-praise Florentine servants, by-the-way, for their many excellent points. The feudal traditions, so strongly held even now, make them singularly respectful and alert in serving their masters, while on the provender question they are absolutely at home as to how a penny is to provide twopence-worth. They save all the uncountable worries connected with dinners by catering so intelligently and economically. Even if an unforeseen invasion of visitors occurs, you may be sure that cook will meet the occasion gallantly out of that heaven-sent inner consciousness which is the sole and entire prerogative of the Florentine domestic.

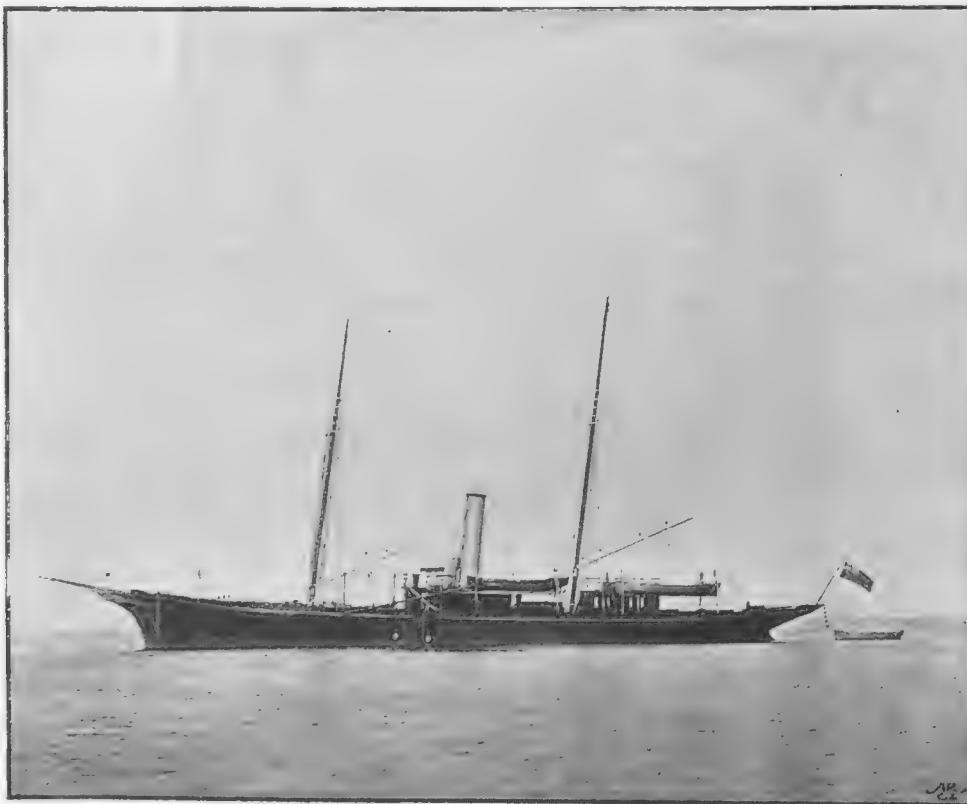
In these days of "radical reform," it is pleasant to note that there are still some excellent and lucrative posts left for the deserving poor of the upper classes. Still, their number is being grievously reduced, and is likely to be further encroached upon in the near future, for merely ornamental functionaries are now regarded with considerable hostility by the British taxpayer. Some first-rate places, not entailing any special hard work, still to be found in the Royal Household are those of Lord Chamberlain at £2000 a-year and perquisites; Vice-Chamberlain at £900, and Comptroller of Accounts at £1000. Then there are the Lord Steward with £2000 and the Treasurer of the Household with £900. Among the officials of the Household are eight Lords-in-Waiting at £702 a-year each, which means about £100 for each day's duty—who would not "wait" at that price?—as the Queen dispenses with the attendance of Lords-in-Waiting at Balmoral and Osborne, and the short residences of the Court at Windsor only necessitate the presence of each "Lord" for about a week; eight Grooms-in-Waiting at £330 a-year each, having exactly the same arduous duties as the Lords-in-Waiting; two Equeerries-in-Ordinary at £750 each, one at £600 and four at £500; Master of the Buckhounds, £1500; Master of the Horse, £2500, and the use of the royal carriages and horses; Captain of her Majesty's Body Guard of Yeomen of the Guard, £1200; and last, though not least, the hereditary office of Grand Falconer, held by the Dukes of St. Albans, and worth £1200 a-year. A number of very snug places are also provided for poor younger sons among the officials of the House of Peers, the aggregate amount expended upon these more or less ornamental functionaries being no less a sum than £43,000 a-year.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, who have been residing in Spain for the last three months, are to return to England early in May, and will stay at Stowe until they go to Scotland for the shooting season. Their grounds at Stowe are just now looking their best in the spring weather; the statues in the grounds are getting lost in the greenery of the trees around them. The Comtesse de Paris will return to England through France, in order that she may stay for a few days at the Château de Randau, the beautiful place in the Puy de Dôme which was bequeathed to her by her father, the Due de Montpensier.

The "Comedy of Sights," at the Avenue Theatre, will shortly be succeeded by another comedy, not yet named, which is already in rehearsal, and which, being from the pen of Mr. G. B. Shaw, is certain to command interest and attention. Playgoers will be glad to hear that Mr. Shaw has secured the services of Miss Alma Murray for the part of heroine, for that talented and refined actress has been only too long absent from the London boards. I understand that the new play, which is in three acts, is in quite a light-comedy vein.

The screw steam-yacht Christabel, which has been chartered by the German Emperor for his stay, with the Empress and their children, at Abbazia, is the property of Mr. Arthur C. Kennard. A full-powered steamer, she is 150 ft. from stem to rudder-post, of 22 ft. beam, and 330 tons burthen (Thames measurement). She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, well known in association with the celebrated Meteor, which was owned by the German Emperor himself, and was built last autumn by Messrs. D. and W. Henderson and Co., of Partick, on the Clyde, who built the Prince of Wales's Britannia and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie. She is constructed of steel, and is fitted with triple-expansion engines, steam steering gear and capstan. Below deck she is entirely of oak; the saloon state-room and passages have parquet floors, with polished panels and bulkheads. Thus, except on the ceilings, there is no paint visible on the Christabel. The yacht started for the Adriatic on Feb. 24. She encountered heavy weather on the way, and showed unusual merits. Off Falmouth the sea was so high that the skipper, an experienced seaman, thinking it well not to thresh against a head wind, took shelter in Falmouth Harbour until the storm abated. News of the Christabel's safe arrival at Gibraltar has been received, and at the time of writing she is expected to report herself at Abbazia.

The love of yachting, which the German Emperor inherits with his English blood, and his skill in the sport are well known. Evidently, he means to inspire his sons with knowledge of the sea and the same ardour. He could not have chosen a yachting ground more delightful than the coast of the Adriatic, which is studded with places of historical and romantic concern. He will be able, southwards, to visit the beautiful harbour of Cattaro, to enter the enchanted waters of Ragusa, and to visit the island which is invested with melancholy interest from the fact that, before setting out on the ill-fated expedition to Mexico, the Archduke Maximilian spent there his last happy days. Should he wish to extend his cruise in search of sport or beautiful scenery, a few hours' steaming will enable him to reach Corfu and the Albanian coast. The crew of the Christabel, wholly composed of Englishmen, is commanded by a skipper who has been with Mr. Kennard for fourteen years.



THE CHRISTABEL.

Photo by A. Debenham, Cowes.

To the "Random Itinerary" of John Davidson I owe much of my enjoyment of a suburban spring. Before reading his book, I had the expensive habit of rambling in search of spring as far as Lyndhurst, on the borders of the New Forest, or to Dorchester, on the Thame, some twenty miles below Oxford. Never until I had placed at least a hundred miles between myself and the Metropolis did I deem it possible to enjoy the early year, to fully appreciate the time.

When the fields catch flower
And the underwood is green,
And from bower unto bower
The songs of the birds begin.

This spring, however, I have remained near London, and admired Nature round Dulwich, Kew, and Highgate. Probably at no period of the year are these suburbs more charming, and among them Dulwich can claim pride of place. One is absolutely staggered to find on leaving the old village, with its quaint hostelry and delightful picture-gallery, a sign-post with the legend, "Six miles from the Royal Exchange." Yet so it is, and, despite its dangerous proximity to the London end of Camberwell and the Borough, the ever-pleasant village is at present the queen of metropolitan suburbs. Nowhere nearer town can you find such perfect rest, such a scent of the country, such flowers, trees, and birds. The pen of the brilliant author of "A Random Itinerary" could not be better employed than in painting its many beauties.

Brightly the sun shone, blithely the birds sang, heavily the 'buses travelled, lightly the carriages, as I strolled Hyde-Park-wards on a Sunday morning. Scarcely pausing to regard those who walked on church parade, or the flowers that bloom in the spring, I hied me to the place of the spouters, where seedy men talk nonsense for hours together. Tiring of the shoddy eloquence of the man on duty, I turned to another crowd which listened to a preacher, who was, if possible, a trifle more dull than the Socialistic gentleman. I left him tearing a passion to tatters, and on the evening of the following day, musing over what he had been saying, sang as follows—

I fain would fancy a better land,
Which is far away from the busy Strand,
Where printing is cheap and there's heaps of news,
Where novelists write their own reviews,
Where gaps in their humour they stop with slang,
And they fear not the scalpel of Andrew Lang.

Is it where the woodeny nutmegs grow,
And mountains cover their heads with snow,
Where the Yankees read the *Detroit Free Press*,
And "calkilate" that they "reckon" and "guess,"
Where Wall Street raises its head on high,
And proud Porkopolis fronts the sky?

Is it where the heavens are bathed in blue,
And the people absorb the prevailing hue,
Where journals get nastier day by day,
Where Sarcey slaughters the latest play,
Where Mirbeau tells us what pictures are,
And we buy the series Rougon-Macquart?

Is it where *die Studenten* lounge about
Amid smoke and duels and *Sauerkraut*,
Where an Emperor plays with his soldier-boys,
Like a child of ten with a box of toys,
And rouses the wrath and the temper, too,
Of the grey old hermit of Friedrichsruh?

No; the better land is in Leicester Square,
And my heart is set on an Empire there,
Where mirth and music and laughter light
Follow the feet of the flying night,
Where fairies dance in a radiant band,
It is there one must look for my better land.

'Tis a land of languor and dear delight,
Of beauteous ballet-girls gaily dight,
Where we seek for solace and find it sweet
In the rhythmic tread of their twinkling feet.
Now hasten, cabby, from yonder stand,
And drive me quick to my better land.

And the cabby did so.

The four-wheeler gee-gee has deservedly won for himself the reputation of imperturbable propriety. No prancings or skittishness interfere, as a rule, with his sober amble. When he does go the pace, let it be added, however, the exemplary past is quite thrown over, as witness the exciting spectacle of a driverless, bridleless four-wheeler, with a packed cargo of women and children inside, which disturbed the peace of Swiss Cottage, or thereabout, some days ago. Followed in its wild career by an excited constable, there might have been a serious *finale* had not a second policeman pluckily come to the rescue.

Mr. David Powell, the Governor of the Bank of England, who as Deputy-Governor was elected to a further term of office for one year at the time of the Baring crisis, has now been again elected as Governor for the ensuing twelvemonth, Mr. Clifford Wigram, the late Deputy-Governor, being, I understand, too ill to undertake the duties that in the ordinary course of things he would now have assumed. Mr. Powell will have the honour of steering the Old Lady through the year which will see her bicentenary celebrated, and it will be during his extended governorship that the introduction of lady clerks into this most conservative of establishments will also take place. The house which has till recently been occupied by the Chief Accountant will be turned into offices, and devoted to the use of the new lady servants of the Oldest Lady in London.

When I gaze pensively at the portrait of my friend Boon, who has just succeeded to the editorship of the Exchange Telegraph Company, I bethink me of the tender years in which I used to be absorbed in novels of Indian adventure. Do boys still read the romances of Gustave Aimard? Are they interested in the Indian trail which the Western hunter knows with one glance of his eagle eye? Well, I am reminded of that trail by the personality of Mr. Boon, who bears the name of an ancient warrior of the backwoods and the prairie, a trapper of the old days in the Far West, when there was a market for skins and when scalps were insecure. Mr. Boon is a mighty hunter, too. As a Lobbyist, it was his business for years to track the M.P., to follow the trail through the corridors of the House of Commons, and to skin the legislator even in his own domestic lair. Have you ever seen the Lobbyist at work? When I first set eyes on Mr. Boon, I was at first unnerved by his muscular proportions and by the



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. J. BOON.

unflinching resolution of his aspect; then I was charmed by his robust *bonhomie* and by a wit which in its richness recalls some of the elder humorists, who drew their illustrations from unabashed Nature; then I saw the instincts of the trapper suddenly flame out as he marked his quarry, and started in pursuit of that paragraph which was to agitate the political world a few hours later. The life of the Lobbyist is hard: it demands him to weary vigil on a tessellated pavement which is like a new circle of the Inferno; it gives him a poor opinion of Parliamentary humanity. But it will be harder still, now that one of its choicest spirits has ascended to another sphere, and left his companions to cheer themselves with the memory only of his exuberant vitality, his picturesque diction, and his athletic kindness.

The union of brain and muscle is not so frequently met with as to be unworthy of passing remark. Many men, being athletes, despise literary attainments; many "culehawed" men look with contempt upon mere possessors of muscle. Mr. Oliver Fry, editor of *Vanity Fair*, is a striking example of the union of physical and mental power. When at Oxford, he was an all-round athlete, rowing in his college Torpid and eight, playing with its Rugby team, and belonging to the historic "Etcetera" fifteen, composed of well-known football free-lances. On the running-path long-distance races fell to him frequently, and he nearly broke the record at the 'Varsity swimming races. In journalism he has accomplished an amazing variety of work, including leaders for a City paper, an educational review, and a ponderous Conservative daily, special articles on sport and military subjects for papers which make a special feature of these things, fashions for a ladies' weekly, and "pars" for an evening paper of Radical tendencies. All this, of course, is exclusive of his work on *Vanity Fair*, for which he writes a great deal.

A few weeks ago, a writer in this paper noted the fact that when "King Kodak" reigned at Terry's Theatre Londoners would once again have the privilege of seeing Kate Vaughan dance. Since reading that interesting fact, I have been told that Miss Mabel Love has likewise been engaged for the burlesque. So it happens that the oldest and youngest exponents of skirt-dancing will appear in the same piece. I wonder if this combination will draw what has been facetiously termed "the bald-headed brigade" to the stalls, as did the combination of Mesdames Farren and Vaughan *cum* Messrs. Terry and Royce. I recollect seeing Miss Farren on the last occasion when she performed in London. The date was April 7, 1891. She appeared as Nan in "The Good-for-Nothing," at the benefit of Meyer Lutz, and I recollect how the piece was kept waiting for nearly five minutes for the applause to subside. After the play was over, she sang the famous street-Arab song from the old burlesque of "Aladdin," and had to repeat the last verse several times. A few weeks later came an Australian tour, and on her return she was to have created the part of Cinder-Ellen. How well I recollect that first-night, when, after we had all been hoping against hope, she was too ill to appear.

The mention of Mabel Love reminds me of a conversation I once had with this dainty dancer on the subject of stage-fright. After saying that she had only suffered from it twice, she told me the circumstances connected with the occasion. I repeat an incident here, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words: "I had been taking the place of Annie Hughes in 'Mamma' at Cambridge with Mr. Arthur Bourchier's company, and on arriving home one Friday evening found a telegram from Sir Augustus Harris asking me to come up to Covent Garden at once. When I reached the theatre, I found he wanted me to dance on the following evening in Mr. De Lara's 'Light of Asia.' They had intended to employ an Italian *première*, and had instructed her to prepare a solo, but when she went through it at the first band rehearsal it was found quite unsuited to the Nautch style of dance required. At the last minute, therefore, it had been discarded, and I had been sent for. Seeing that I never heard the music, and had never danced an Eastern dance, I thought my only course was to refuse emphatically, which I accordingly did. But Sir Augustus had no idea of taking 'No' for an answer. He introduced me to Mr. De Lara, who fairly persuaded me until all power of refusal had gone, and, contrary to the advice of my mother and against my own convictions, I ultimately consented to do my best.

"Of course, there could not be much rehearsal, as there was rather less than a day before the production, and so a call was made for me to rehearsal next morning with the piano on the stage, half an hour before the band rehearsal, which was to be the first and only one I was to have. Truly, the Fates were not propitious. On arriving at the theatre, I learned that the regular pianist was ill, and they had sent an Italian who could not speak a word of English. As I did not know the music, I could not make out the beginning, middle, or end. The result was that when the band rehearsal came off my arrangement did not fit, and, perfectly disheartened, I went to Sir Augustus and said I had tried my best, and must decline to perform. He, however, urged me to continue, and arranged for the band to go through the dance again—a very unusual thing. This time it went better, and the few hours before the performance I spent looking after a costume which was being hastily made. I had a very anxious time while waiting to go on, and, not having seen a great part of it before, did not even know when my turn came. At last the dreaded moment arrived, and the dance which had cost me so much trouble and anxiety was exceedingly well received." After hearing Miss Love's account of the incident I have just related, I referred to the notices of the ill-fated "Light of Asia," and found the damnation of cold praise accorded to the opera itself, punctuated with encomiums about "a Nautch dance, charmingly executed by Miss Mabel Love."

The House of Lords may, as the Radicals affirm, be old and useless, or worse than useless, but the veterans among the members of that august body, if old, are by no means effete. The Duke of Northumberland, who is the same age as Mr. Gladstone, is hale, hearty, and active, walks his four miles a day, and occupies himself with the affairs of his northern and his Surrey properties—he is at Albury just now—and reads and writes with almost all his wonted enjoyment. Should an important division require his presence in the gilded chamber, it is certain that his Grace will be there to vote, and join in the debate, perhaps. Another noble lord, nearly as old, is hardly ever absent from the Upper House: this is Lord Selborne, famous in legal annals as Sir Roundell Palmer. Lord Selborne occupied many weeks in preparing for his big speech in the House a few weeks ago, and copious were the notes he took for that occasion. Then came the debate, and his Lordship's bag, containing "his brief," could nowhere be found—nor has been, I believe, to this hour—and so the speech, lasting nearly an hour, was made without his memoranda, and very well made, too.

The appeal from the Freemasons of Argentina to the Prince of Wales certainly gives a comic aspect to the South American troubles. One wonders what they imagine it is in his power to do for them. Do they fancy he holds a position over here in some way analogous to that attributed by Frenchmen to the Lord Mayor of London? The attitude of this secret society to the world at large has changed so much since the days when it was an enemy of Governments in all countries that some confusion may be pardoned. However, a large number of the

old-fashioned folks on the Continent still look upon Freemasonry as but one point or so less objectionable than Anarchism. The present Pope, for instance, would probably hesitate to concede even that amount of difference between the two.

English railways are sometimes rather long-winded when the question of damages is concerned, but the railways of Spain seem unwilling to consider such questions at all. I believe that Mr. Seymour Lucas has never obtained a farthing for the injuries he sustained in the lamentable accident in the autumn of 1891. The eminent artist, however, has, I am informed by a mutual acquaintance, brought from the land of oranges and duennas some gorgeous costumes and armour of the sixteenth century, which have been lent to him by the Queen-Regent. Some of these ancient suits we shall probably see in the Academy of 1895, for I understand that the artist is contemplating an important work in connection with the ill-fated Armada. Admirers of Mr. Lucas's well-known picture of Drake and the other English worthies playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe while awaiting news of the great Spanish expedition will look forward with pleasure to another work dealing with the events of that stirring period.

A cynic once remarked that there were three degrees of lies: there were lies, *d*—*d* lies, and statistics. This appears somewhat unfair to statistics, which, if, as some folks say, they can be made to prove anything, are equally useful in disproving a good many fallacies that have long passed for facts. Not long since, I heard the arguments of two well-known "medicos" on the truth or falsehood of the proverb that "A green Yule makes a fat churchyard": one supported the assertion, the other, with equal determination, opposed it. Now, the records of the Royal Meteorological Society and the returns of the Registrar-General have decided the question, and the ancient proverb stands unhesitatingly condemned. In a most interesting paper on the "Relation between the Mean Quarterly Temperature and the Death Rate," which was recently read to the Royal Meteorological Society, it was shown most conclusively that extremes of either cold or heat increase the death rate. It is in the mild winter and chilly summer that the "old man with the scythe" is least busy. By-the-way, the statistics from which this paper was compiled extend over a space of two-and-thirty years.

Talking of the returns of the Registrar-General reminds me of some lines I saw written in the "newspaper-cutting" album of a friend a few weeks ago. They were written at the beginning of the pages devoted to births, marriages, and deaths, and appeared to me very appropriate and worth one's recollection. Here they are—

In two of life's three most important events
We've no ghost of a choice, you or I;
We are born, and our parents don't ask our consents,
And, like it or not, we must die.

Of the one that takes place 'twixt the last and the first,
Which should never be settled in haste,
Which some cynics declare of the three is the worst,
Though that is a matter of taste,

The option, at any rate, rests in our hands,
And his fortune in this each may carry,
Though to die and be born are beyond our commands,
There's no law that compels us to marry.

This page of my book is reserved for my friends,
And here is recorded the date
Of their helpless beginnings, their various ends,
And the day that each met with his "Fate."

The Early Closing Association has done excellent things in having at last so worked upon the feelings of railway company directors as to obtain from at least one body of these important functionaries a lasting benefit to the shop-assistant. In August and September the Midland Railway Company will issue return tickets at single fare to members of the Association who wish to make holiday in Scotland. The trains will leave on Saturdays, and the tickets are available for a fortnight. The concession will be a lasting benefit to many whose slender holiday purse would not otherwise open to the tune of a tramp in North Britain. And no doubt an influx of the practice will follow, which would otherwise have stayed its steps by the classic sands of the island of Thanet.

I went last Wednesday to the *conversazione* given by the Royal Microscopical Society at St. Martin's Town Hall. It was very amusing and learned: the remarks of the ladies were amusing, and the explanations of the exhibitors were learned. A poor ignorant mortal like myself was at a disadvantage, for I could not pass the easiest of microscopical examinations. One word was constantly puzzling me, like a recurring decimal: it was "diatom." I asked, in the spirit of Rosa Dartle, a gentleman whose head gave phrenological evidence of his being a scientist what "diatom" meant; but the language he used sent me to the end of the hall to examine Mr. Plimmer's influenza microbe. Every now and then a fair visitor would inquire if this or that were "pulverised," and one lady almost exemplified the meaning on my foot. There were some very beautiful specimens, including that of a parasite of the Hessian fly, which I heard someone say she could gaze at for hours. A diamond in the rough was the subject of much envious inspection, but for morbid interest commend me to the microbes. But, after all, I think the company contained the best specimens, and the band the next best. One of the waiters, in response to my inquiry for a "diatom," gave me a ham sandwich, so I suppose that is another name for it.

MISS HETTIE CHATTELL.

This young actress was born at Bromley, Kent, in 1872, and is the daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Chatell, a well-known veterinary surgeon in that town. Her first appearance in public was on the concert

invariably with great success. This engagement lasted for two years, and was followed by a tour in which Miss Chatell played the leading part in "Tempest Tossed." Mr. Wilfred Selwyn then engaged her for the lead in "The Squire's Wife" and Ethel Arden in "The Union Jack." While yet in her teens, she was retained by Mr. Henry Arnold for the part of Hetty Preene in the ever-bright "Lights o' London," by



MISS HETTIE CHATTELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BERRY, LIVERPOOL.

platform as a child vocalist when only ten years of age. After three years spent in Germany completing her education, Miss Chatell, following a natural inclination for the stage, was engaged by Miss Inez Howard to play Ned Doyle in "Man to Man" on tour. Within a few months she was asked to undertake the leading juvenile parts in various dramas produced in the provinces by Miss Howard's company, and

Mr. Pateman as Mabel Huntingford in "The World," and last year by Mr. Arnold as Stella St. Clair in "A Million of Money." She has figured in several pantomimes as the Fairy Queen: at the Shakspere Theatre, Liverpool, in 1891-2, at Bristol in 1892-3, and as Myosotis at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, this winter. Next season she is to be the Fairy Queen of pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOK OF BOOKS.*

The Badminton Library must be rapidly drawing to its close for want of sports and pastimes to write about; but in the two volumes devoted to "Big Game Shooting" its editors have certainly saved their best wine till the last. These form a veritable sportsman's book of books, for it is safe to say that no book of sport with big game has ever contained



SOUTH AFRICAN ANTELOPES.

within its covers more than a tithe of the information and the adventure to be found here. Sir Samuel Baker's "Wild Beasts and Their Ways" was an admirable and transparently faithful record of a life crowded, as few other sportsmen's have ever been, with hunting experiences, and Mr. Selous's "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa" was also packed with thrilling stories; but in these two volumes nearly all the great sportsmen of the present generation, and some of the past, contribute what is most valuable in their knowledge and most exciting in their doings. The writer of adventure books for boys will find here a perfect mine of treasure. Lion and tiger, bear and elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus, giraffe and ostrich, buffalo and bison, and the myriad forms of the antelope tribe—each of these has his particular biography fully set down.

Tastes will differ as to whether it is more creditable to have shot a lion or a wildebeest. Mr. J. F. Jackson, who is one of the major contributors to this work, is of opinion that the interest of sport is not in proportion to its danger, but to its difficulty, and therefore that it must be more creditable and satisfactory to have shot an almost unapproachable antelope than to have faced and vanquished the king of beasts. Most people will not agree with him, for no one who has come out successfully in an almost hand-to-hand struggle with one of the big carnivora can hardly fail, it seems to the present writer, to rate his experience in memory much higher than any triumph of stalking, either in the artificial wilds of Perthshire or the real wilds of the heart of Africa. For life is to be measured by its intensity, and surely the most crowded moment of a man's life is that in which he stands face to face, rifle in hand, with one fired cartridge and one fresh one in it, with a wounded tiger gathering itself for the last spring, and leaving photographed for ever on his brain, if he survive the interview, the memory of its scarlet throat, its white teeth, its wide dripping jaws, its green eyes, its fur standing on end, and its blood-curdling cough; or

the instant of momentous decision when an elephant or buffalo is charging him, whether he should jump right or left, try to swing himself into a tree, or stand stock still and stake everything upon the effect of one bullet. Mr. Jackson's three diagrams of how he stalked oryx and gazelles and hartebeests are among the most original and interesting illustrations. But the hundreds of hair-raising adventures with dangerous game seem to me infinitely more exciting while they occurred, and infinitely more pleasing to look back upon. Mr. Jackson's enthusiasm for antelope-shooting is highly supported by the delightful plate of antelopes' heads which, by permission of the publishers, is reproduced here. The shooting of the Spanish ibex, of which an illustration is also given, stands midway between sport which is difficult but safe and sport which is dangerous but easy. In the highlands of the Pyrenees these magnificent beasts inhabit ground far worse and more difficult than that which the chamois haunts, and it is only in midsummer that they can be followed with any safety or certainty to their elevated retreats. An interesting calculation shows that every ibex shot in Spain by an English sportsman from Gibraltar costs him at least a hundred pounds. This fact is, perhaps, sufficient to explain why in Spain—that little appreciated paradise of the sportsman—the sporting visitor receives a very hearty welcome from the inhabitants.

A typical adventure may be selected from these volumes by the simple process of opening them at almost any point. Here, for example, is one of the most original big game stories I have ever seen—

An incident highly creditable to Kaffir womanhood occurred just as we reached Mabotsé. The women, as is their custom, were working in the fields—for they hoe and the men sew—and a young man, standing by the edge of the bush, was chatting with them. A lioness sprang on him, and was carrying him off, when one of the women ran after her, and, catching her by the tail, was dragged for some little distance. Hampered with the man in her mouth, she slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back and hit her across the nose and head with a heavy, short-handled hoe, till she dropped her prey and slunk into cover. This man was her husband! Would Mrs. Smith do as much for Mr. Smith? Could she do more?

The volumes are most lavishly illustrated by several artists, and particularly by Mr. Whymper, whose exquisite drawings are among the



SPANISH IBEX.

most life-like illustrations of living wild beasts that have ever been produced. I can only repeat that no such work of magnificent sporting adventures has been published before, and I doubt if it will ever have a rival.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



In a private sitting-room of one of the large Parisian hotels much frequented by Americans a pretty Boston girl was entertaining her English lover, Sir George Loscoe. She was an orphan, and had come over six weeks before with the Van Brunts. At a ball given by the American Consul she had met the English Baronet, and the two had fallen in love with each other almost at first sight. Their engagement was already a month old, and the wedding was fixed to come off in another five weeks. Sir George was giving her for at least the twentieth time a glowing description of Loscoe Manor, over which she was so soon to be installed as mistress, and she was listening to him with equal interest, when somebody knocked at the door, and, after a discreet pause, a *garçon* pushed in his head.

"Mees Coo-ster's cab is at ze door," he jerked out, and instantly disappeared.

Miss Custer rose, and held out her hand.

"You will have to go now, George, for I have an appointment. Good-bye until dinner time. You dine with us, of course, and afterwards—if you are good—you shall take me to the Opera."

"Sadie, dear," he said, taking her hand and looking tenderly into her eyes, "are you going out alone? Is this another of those mysterious solitary expeditions?"

The girl nodded mischievously.

"You are young, and know nothing of the world, child. I don't like the idea of you going about this great city alone. Can you not take Mrs. Van Brunt with you?" he continued gravely.

"You forget, Sir, that I am an American girl,"

she rejoined jocularly, "brought up in the air of independence, and pretty well able to look after myself. When I become fettered with the chains of an English matron nothing shall tempt me to outrage the proprieties from the Britisher's point of view, but until then—George, dear," she continued, dropping her bantering tone.

"don't worry about these 'mysterious expeditions,' as you call them. I'd tell you all about them, only it would spoil the fun, and I want to give you a real surprise. I'll tell you just a wee bit of my secret. I'm going to make you a present on our wedding-day, and I don't want even Mrs. Van Brunt to see it before you. There! I'm sure that ought to satisfy you. Now you really must go," and, holding up her face to be kissed, she pushed him playfully from the room and hastened to her bed-room to put on her things.

In the hall the Baronet was pounced upon by Mr. Van Brunt, who led him into the adjacent smoking-room to discuss the eternal M'Kinley Tariff. As the two men sat down by the open window, close to which the waiting cab was drawn up, they saw Sadie trip lightly across the pavement to it, quite unconscious that her lover's eyes were fixed hungrily upon her, and equally unconscious that the words she spoke to the *cocher* were wafted faintly but distinctly to the Baronet's ears.

"No. 45, Rue de Rolande, as quickly as you can!" were the words that reached him through the window.

"No. 45, Rue de Rolande!" Where the deuce have I come across that address before?" he repeated over and over to himself as, a little later, he strolled along the boulevards in the direction of his own hotel. "Ah! I have it," he exclaimed suddenly, as a light dawned upon him; "that is the address of the artist, M. Letourneau, who painted the *Salon* picture I bought last year. That explains everything. Aha! my pretty one, so the wedding-gift is to take the form of a portrait of your own sweet self," he chuckled. Then he added, "But I must never let her suspect that I have guessed her little secret, or it would take away half her pleasure in it."

Sir George Loscoe was quite correct in his surmise. After leaving the hotel, the *fiacre* rolled rapidly along until it pulled up at the door of M. Letourneau's studio. After telling the *cocher* what time to come for her, Sadie mounted the stairs to the studio, and very shortly she was posing on the dais, while the painter transferred her fair features to the canvas. He painted quickly, for his heart was in the work—how completely so his sitter little suspected. Another sitting, or, at the most, two, and the portrait would be complete save for a few finishing touches to the drapery, which could be managed without her actual presence if she sent the dress she was being painted in.

That evening Letourneau was sitting at a little table at a *café-chantant*, sipping absinthe with his friend Bélan, editor of *Le Petit Babillard*. The painter was moody and glum. The risky humour of the pet artist of the boulevards failed to rouse him, and his companion's incessant chatter fell on heedless ears. At length even the vivacious Bélan grew weary of talking to so unappreciative an audience.

"What ails you, *mon ami*? You are *triste*! There is a woman at the bottom of it, I'll wager!" he exclaimed.

Letourneau nodded gloomily.

"But why so downhearted? It is not your first *affaire*! Is there a jealous husband, or—?"

"No, no; you are wrong entirely, Bélan," the painter interrupted hastily. "This is no intrigue. It is—"

"*Une grande passion*, eh? And who is the fair object—not the rich money-lender's daughter?"

Letourneau shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be an ass, Bélan," he replied testily. "You remember me telling you of the girl whose portrait I am painting—whose sittings are to be kept such a profound secret?"

"What! *La belle Américaine*—*la belle Custer*! *Sacrebleu!* *mon ami*, but you had best nip your *grande passion* in the bud—she is betrothed."

"*Le diable!* How do you know?" exclaimed Letourneau, starting up.

"A good journalist knows everything," Bélan replied, with a smile.

"And her *fiancé*?"

"*M'sieur le baronnet*—Sir George Loscoe, who bought your 'Victoire' out of last year's *Salon*. The wedding is to come off in five weeks."



The note was short and incomprehensible.

Letourneau gnashed his teeth with rage.

"The Baronet—is he, then, in Paris?" he inquired, striving to maintain a semblance of outward calmness.

"Staying at the Hôtel de S—," promptly replied the good journalist who "knew everything."

So far as the two were concerned, an embarrassed silence ensued, during which the Devil was at work with the painter's emotions.

"*Par Dieu!* the Englishman shall never have her," Letourneau hissed passionately, his eyes flashing wildly. Then, without another word, he swung round on his heel and started off in the direction of the Rue de Rolande.

"Fool!" muttered Bélan, philosophically, watching the retreating figure. The next moment he had forgotten all about the matter, and was vigorously applauding the smirking cantatrice.

Arrived at his apartments, the excited painter let himself into his studio, turned on the electric light, and flung himself into a *fauteuil* opposite the easel upon which stood the all but finished portrait.

"Fool that I was to think *that* smile was for me, when it was but conjured up by the memory of the English prig! But he shall never marry her—I swear it!" he exclaimed bitterly.

For an hour he sat motionless before the canvas, consumed with passion, a black frown on his face and a blacker thought in his heart, planning, planning, planning the Devil's work. And while he was thus occupied, Sadie, without a thought of sorrow, was enjoying herself at the Opera, the happiest girl in all the fair capital.

The next morning, while Sir George was breakfasting at his hotel, a note was handed to him by the *garçon*, who said a *commissionnaire* had brought it and was waiting for a reply. The Baronet tore it open and read—

45, Rue de Rolande.

M. Letourneau, having heard that his English patron is staying in Paris, offers his salutations, and begs Sir George Loscoe to favour him with an early visit to his studio, as he has there just completed a companion picture to the "Victoire," and no doubt his noble patron would be interested to see it.

The Baronet's first impulse was to decline the invitation. Accident had put him into part possession of his sweetheart's secret, and involuntary conjecture had assumed a great deal more. He was an honourable man, and for a moment he feared that a visit to Letourneau's studio might look like prying still further into Sadie's innocent little plot. Still, he was anxious to see the companion picture to the one already in his possession, and a little reflection assured him the visit would be anything but a treasonable one. If Sadie were so anxious to keep the portrait a profound secret, it was impossible but that she had enjoined the painter to guard it from the eyes of any other visitor. He had promised to take Sadie out at twelve o'clock. There was plenty of time between now and then, so he hastily despatched a reply to the artist, and followed it in person half an hour later.

Letourneau himself admitted his visitor. He was overjoyed at the great honour. Would the Baronet step into the studio? He (Letourneau) had a little matter of importance to attend to at that moment. It was unfortunate, but it would not delay him many

minutes, and then he would join his patron. He hurried away in the direction of his sitting-room. When he returned, ten minutes afterwards, the studio was empty—the Baronet had gone.

At twelve o'clock Miss Custer, bonneted and gloved, was waiting for her lover to make his appearance. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed, and still no sign. He had never been so tardy before. As a rule he was before his time rather than after. What could be keeping him? The minutes dragged wearily along until the little timepiece on the mantel chimed one. Sadie first became anxious, then alarmed. It was evident that something out of the ordinary had happened. She was just on the point of seeking Mrs. Van Brunt, to confide to her her fears, when there came a rap at the door. At last!

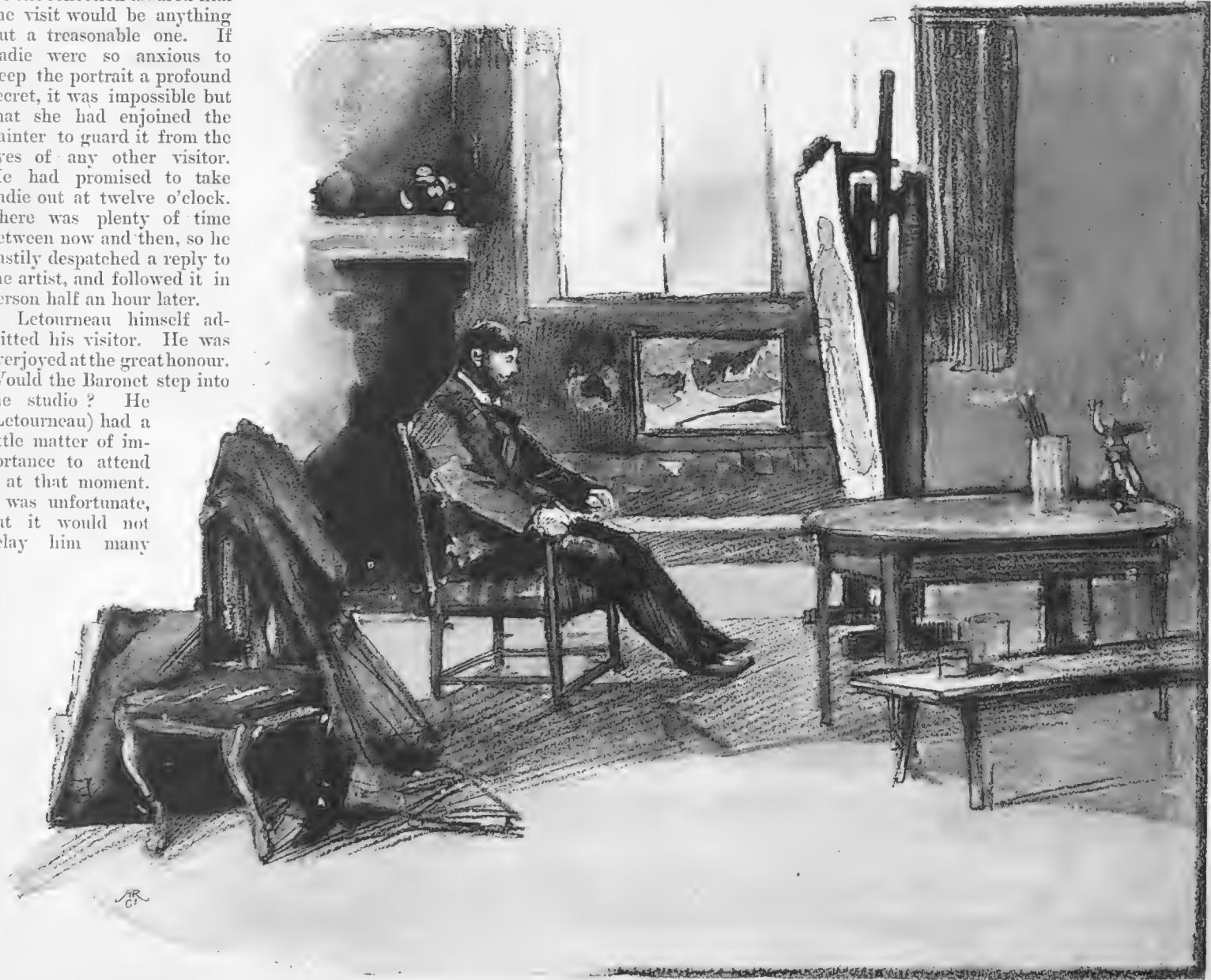
It was only one of the maids, who had brought up a letter. She snatched it hastily from the servant's hand and broke the seal—the crossed spurs and demi-griffin proper of the Loscoes. The note was short and incomprehensible, yet, in a vague, indefinite way, it implied that some calamity had befallen her happiness. With bewildered brain and sinking heart, she read it and re-read it several times to solve its meaning, but in vain. At last she sank on the couch, no nearer the truth, although the words of the missive were burnt into her memory as with a hot iron—

Chance—or, perhaps, I ought to say a compassionate Providence—led me this morning to M. Letourneau's studio. If it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I can assure you that your conjecture was perfectly correct. Your preparations for giving me a "real surprise" have turned out a complete success. It was an astounding revelation to me, and I thank Heaven it did not come too late. I think I need say no more.

GEOERGE LOSCOE.

What was she to do? For some minutes her brain was in a whirl. When she could in some measure control her thoughts she came to the conclusion that either some incomprehensible mistake had arisen which threatened her dearest hopes unless it was speedily put right, or else that Sir George's love was, after all, but a fickle fancy that had by some means become suddenly diverted into a fresh channel, and he had seized upon the most paltry pretext as an excuse to free himself from his engagement. She must determine which supposition was right before she could take any further step. A cab was hastily summoned, and in a few minutes she entered Letourneau's studio.

"Ah! you are early to-day. I did not expect—but perhaps Mdlle. Custer is anxious to have the portrait finished?" began the painter, with a smile, manipulating the window screens so as to get the requisite light upon the easel.



For an hour he sat motionless before the canvas.

"No, no! I cannot give you a sitting to-day. I simply came to make an inquiry. You have had a visitor this morning—Sir George Loscoo?" she exclaimed nervously.

The painter bowed.

"I want you to tell me exactly what occurred while he was here. It is a matter of importance," she went on, unconsciously laying her hand on his arm appealingly.

The magnetism of her touch sent a thrill through the impressionable Frenchman, and his passion burned to declare itself, but he had the sense to see that under present circumstances it would only damage his hopes to betray his feelings. So, controlling his emotion, he replied—

"There is little to tell. Sir George Loscoo is a patron of mine. He came to see a picture I have recently finished—the 'Désespoir,' yonder. I left him alone in the atelier here for a few minutes. When I returned he was gone—vanished. That is all."

"And the portrait, where was it when he was here?"

"On the easel where you see it, only it was covered with a cloth."

"Did he see it?"

"I cannot say. If he did it was while he was alone, and to do so he must have drawn the cloth aside."

"And he said nothing to you about it?"

"Mademoiselle forgets; he was gone when I returned."

"Thank you. That is all I wanted to know. You must finish the portrait as best you can without any more sittings, or, if that is impossible, send it to me as it is and I will pay you for it."

"But, Miss Custer," cried the painter, in genuine alarm at this startling news, "*c'est impossible!* You do not—you cannot understand. I beseech—I implore you! It is my *chef-d'œuvre*. Unfinished? *Parbleu!* I cannot. My soul is in it! You must—you shall—" he continued passionately, but she cut him short.

"M. Letourneau, you forget yourself," she said frigidly, for even in her distress she could not but perceive that there was something more than professional ardour in his tone. "I shall come no more. You will do as I have said," and she turned to the door.

He made a movement to intercept her, but she was already half-way down the stairs, and he returned to his studio.

It was with a heavy heart she drove back to the hotel. The whole thing was so utterly inexplicable. There was one thing, however, that she could do: she could ask for an explanation. She pencilled a short note and despatched it to Sir George. In half an hour her messenger returned. The Baronet had already left Paris. Then, wounded and heart-sore as she was, her pride rose up in arms. Supposing her lover had fallen into some egregious mistake: a love that had no more faith in its object than to desert her without giving or seeking a word of explanation—and she could not regard his note as an explanation—was not worth much, she told herself. Still, she lingered on at the hotel even after the Van Brunts had departed for Italy, influence—although she would not own it to herself—by a lingering hope that her recreant suitor would return to her. But he never did. Letourneau came several times, ostensibly to attempt to persuade her to continue her sittings to him; but she refused to see him, and at length he gave up the pursuit and sent the unfinished picture to her. Three months later, after she had joined the Van Brunts, she saw in a London paper the announcement of Sir George Loscoo's marriage with an English lady of high birth.

It was three years afterwards, in the accident ward of the Hôpital de St. Cyprien, when, on one of the cots, a man, crushed and battered, was moaning his life away. He had been brought in an hour before, carried from the Champs Elysées, where he had been knocked down by a passing omnibus. One of the heavy wheels had passed over his chest, causing internal hemorrhage. The doctors could do nothing for him. It was a case for the priest, who was momentarily expected. The nurse had temporarily left his bedside. A figure draped in the silver-grey uniform of a charitable sisterhood stole softly to his side to whisper words of soothing consolation. It was Sister Agnes, beloved of all who knew her for her gentle ways and her sympathetic tenderness. There was a look of patient resignation in her clear, grey eyes, and a deep sorrow had tinged her sweet face with sadness, but the features were undoubtedly those of Sadie Custer. The dying man recognised her as she bent over him.

"Miss Custer!" he exclaimed feebly.

She gave a start and bent closer over the cot. There was something in the tone of voice she recognised, but at first she failed to identify the bloody, disfigured features. A second glance removed her doubts.

"M. Letourneau!" she said, sitting down by the bedside and taking his hand. "I am sorry. Can I do anything for you? Is there anything—?"

"I am dying," he interrupted hoarsely; "you can forgive me. But no! no woman could forgive such a wrong!"

"What wrong?" she asked soothingly. "I have nothing to forgive."

"Yes—yes," whispered the dying man, eagerly, "that picture—the one that separated you from your English lover. I was mad—mad for love of you, love that consumed me! I worked at it all night long by the electric light. It was the Devil's work. He guided my brush, mixed my colours, and did the work of a couple of days in a few hours."

"I do not understand. You sent me the picture as it was left after my last sitting. Calm yourself; you are distressing yourself unnecessarily," she replied, firmly believing him to be the victim of a hallucination consequent upon his pain and weakness.

"No, no; I mean the other picture—the one—ah! you do not

comprehend. My agony causes me to forget. Listen," he whispered, with a painful effort, and in a few faltering words he stammered out his miserable confession.

"Oh, it is too horrible—too horrible!" she exclaimed bitterly, covering her face with her hands as she listened to the tale of his infamous plot.

"I was right: you cannot forgive me!" he moaned wearily.

For a few moments she sat motionless, the hot tears falling through her fingers and bathing his hand as it lay on the coverlet. Words cannot describe, even the imagination falls far short in attempting to depict, the terrible struggle that was tearing her bosom, but pity triumphed.

"I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven," she said at last, as she dashed the tears away.

"Will you kiss me—once?" he entreated.

Without hesitation, she stooped and laid her lips on his bloody cheek. The fatal crimson burst from his mouth, and he went with her kiss fresh upon him to plead for forgiveness at a higher tribunal.

When she saw that it was all over, Sister Agnes hurried from the scene, jumped into a cab and was whirled away to the Rue de Rolande. Finding the key in the place where the dead sinner had told her it was hidden, she let herself into the studio, locked the door, and commenced her search with burning face. Canvases were piled against the walls. She turned them over with hot, trembling fingers, until at last she found the one she sought. She had never set eyes on it before, but there was no mistaking it. It was a study of the nude—a Venus or an Eve—and the face was an exact replica of her own features in the unfinished portrait. Letourneau had painted out the original face and substituted Sadie's in order to work his diabolical plot, and had then placed the altered picture where Sir George could not fail to see it.

As one in a horrible nightmare, she stripped the canvas from the stretcher, slashed it into ribbons, and burnt them in the grate. Then she left the studio and returned to her daily round of misery. But her heart ached.

A GIDDY LITTLE GADABOUT.

Madame de Courcy, the enterprising lessee of the Theatre Royal, Great Trington, has been delighting and astonishing the worthy inhabitants of the town by the production of a burlesque, the first ever seen there. Miss Bellamour—whose name in the prosaic paths of private life is plain Mrs. Mulvaney—has taken the town by storm in her



impersonation of the Butterfly Queen, and her song, "I'm a giddy little gadabout," is creating such a sensation that our special artist has been down to interview the lady. He managed to see her after the second act, when Miss Bellamour informed him that she had never till now found her vocation. She was meant for tights, she said, and tights were meant for her. She declared that she really felt like a butterfly. Our artist is here depicted assuring her that she looks it.

N O T E.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

A PEDAGOGUE PEER.



SANDSEND VILLAGE, THE RAILWAY STATION FOR MULGRAVE CASTLE.

There are not a few Peers—*pace* the Radicals—who “scorn delights and live laborious days,” albeit their days are spent far from Westminster. We have Peers who are mostly occupied in shooting big game; Peers who are interested in coal or malt, mines and millinery. Even the new Premier, so rumour saith, has a dairy in London. All these things are quite appropriate to a nation of shopkeepers. One member of the House of Lords enjoys, so far as this deponent knoweth, a unique distinction. The Reverend Constantine Charles Henry Phipps, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby in the United Kingdom, Baron Mulgrave of Mulgrave, in the county of York, in Great Britain, and Baron Mulgrave of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, Ireland—*vide* invaluable “Burke” and all reliable books of reference—is a tutor, and a successful one, be it emphatically remarked. Peers before now have been identified with coaching in the literal sense; they are now able to boast of one of their number being a “coach” in



RUINS OF OLD MULGRAVE CASTLE.

a metaphorical sense. At the beautiful country seat of the Marquis of Normanby, Mulgrave Castle, which is not far from red-roofed Whitby, students anxious to “satisfy the examiners” are able to ponder over their work amid delightful surroundings. They can, “after office hours,” as it were, survey the picturesque ruins of old Mulgrave Castle, impressing thereby on their minds historical facts of its having been built in the time of William the Conqueror and partially destroyed in that of Cromwell the Conqueror. Or they may wander into the little village of Sandsend, and “watch the sea waves as they roll,” when they are sated with the rural beauty of the extensive grounds of Mulgrave Castle. Thus, it will be seen, pupils enjoy exceptional advantages here, added to the fact that in Lord Normanby they find one who has had considerable ecclesiastical experience and knowledge. He is forty-seven years old, is a Canon of St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, and was formerly Vicar of Worsley, in Lancashire.



MULGRAVE CASTLE AND LAWN, EAST FRONT.

A CHAT WITH MISS PEGGY PRYDE.

"A chip of the old block?" Yes; that's what they call me, because I give them the same sort of songs as Mamma made so popular," said the daughter of Jenny Hill, the "Vital Spark," to me during an interval when she was not busying herself in attending to the forty little mites she was feasting at the South London a short while ago.

"You must love children very much?" I observed, rather inconsequently, I fear, after her last remark, as I ran my eyes over the rows of happy faces in the hall; but the happiest of all was Peggy's.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS PEGGY PRYDE.

Dear me, what a smile she has, and what a gift it is! It's worth a good round sum a week to an artist, I expect. With some it is the result of a studied art; but with Peggy, her *riante*, joyous look is surely the reflexion of her own gay little heart.

"Fond of children, you ask? I'm just cracked on them. Well, there, if you want to hear me sing my best, just you put a child up in the audience before me. I remember one night in particular: there was a baby up in the gallery, and it was a bit restless. Well, didn't I work hard to please that kid! What do you say? I gave it 'The Continong' in my best style, I can tell you, and when the mother took the child home because it cried, why, it just broke my heart, and my next 'turn,' 'The Newsboy of London,' fell quite flat."

"And where did you get your coster style, so true to life?"

"Well, I get the clothes, of course, from a regular East-End house. Oh, yes, they are the real article. Well, as to patter, I don't know but that I didn't pick it up chiefly from an odd boy we used to have about the house. That fellow would have made you die o' laughing with his quaint sayings, and, lor' me, what a fellow for making himself up! No; I don't know what's become of him, but he was an 'original,' and no mistake. He gave me many a wrinkle."

Peggy, rejoicing in the possession of the neatest figure imaginable, and, apparently, of a life record of only a score of years, makes no bones about her age, and tells you frankly that she first commenced her career as an amateur in helping her "mamma" at a benefit at Hull in singing "Soldiers in the Park" and by dancing a sailor's hornpipe, seventeen years ago. Then professional engagements brought her before the public dramatically, in pantomime and small parts, in the companies of Wilson Barrett and Captain Bembridge, and, generally, for many seasons, in London halls and in the chief cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, where she usually appeared as principal boy.

"Didn't I just knock 'em in the provinces! Why, at Birmingham I won the 'Owl' cake for talent, and then in a coupon competition by the British Public I was awarded the 'Saturday night' prize, another newspaper honour, and a good one, too. It was a five-pound gold piece, mounted with a 'P.P.' in filigree on top, and another gift was a brooch with my name in diamond block letters below."

"Of course you have visited America, of which Miss Jenny Hill spoke most enthusiastically?"

"Rather! I was engaged by Coster and Beall for a month, and stopped sixteen weeks, giving them pretty nearly the whole of my *répertoire*. They seemed to like as well as any 'She's a very warm member is our gal.' Ah, that reminds me what a bit of fun I had once at Sandown," and the little witch went off into one of her well-known fits of laughter. "Well, you must know I was going down to one of the race meetings, where I was to meet some friends. Of course, I didn't know the place over well, so I drove my little trap—and, mind you, it's a pretty smart one, you bet—right up to the entrance to the lawn. Well, there, I didn't know any better. Said the gatekeeper, 'Are you a member, Miss?' so I replied, 'Member! and a pretty warm one, too, what do you say?' So he said, 'Oh, then, pass in.' Well, presently I sat down, and an old swell came up and asked me how I thought the Princess was looking. So there was I, among all the royalties. Then he offered me lemonade, and wanted me to have a dozen of gloves on the next race, and it was not till he told me he had just been talking to my father that I discovered that he mistook me for someone else, so I said to him, 'Look here, I want to get out of this'; and I told him who I was, for I was beginning to think I ran the risk of being run in, not having any business there."

After our laugh was over, I asked, "And do you write any of your own songs?"

"No; but I make up my encore verses and invent my own dances. A dance in wooden shoes I used to do was a special favourite. By-the-way, do you know I was really the very first serpentine dancer that appeared in London? I danced there in July, '92, having picked up the idea from Loïe Fuller in America."

"Tell me, before I go, how you manage to look as if you felt that life is really worth living?"

"Just living in the open air and sunshine—that's what I do. Why, I am always on the 'go' outdoors, whether driving the cob, riding in the Row, or rowing on the river up Pangbourne way." Then Peggy slipped away to sing to her little guests one of her most rollicking comic songs.



Photo by Hana, Regent Street, W.

AS A "DONAH."

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Pollution of Rivers. A Bill dealing with this question is to be brought forward by Sir F. Powell. It is high time that something was done. The great trouble hitherto has been this—namely,

that it has been left to private ownership to defend itself, and in many, probably in a majority of instances it was unable to do so, for river pollution commonly begins in a small and insidious way, and the owner of the land, by taking no notice for a time, has allowed his right of protest to lapse; until the cost of fighting a big law-suit has compelled him to submit altogether. I have known for many years a case of this kind. Here the offenders have been in the tanning business. The chemicals used in their trade have come flooding down into the stream, black and malodorous, turning up the fish, until it has often been no uncommon sight to find in the eddies masses of fine bream and roach, with an occasional trout, floating dead. Now, one would have thought that the cattle who drank this water would have suffered also, but it never seems to hurt them, and as the principal tenant-farmers were cousins to the tanner, their own sympathies rather went with his, and year after year this state of things has gone on, until what was once a charming little stream has been completely ruined.

Well, then, if this Bill can put a stop to these abuses *Its Object.* it will be much to be thankful for. But there seems reason to believe that the Bill is primarily aimed at sewage.

And no doubt in many country districts this is a crying evil, for by soakage from the cottages, down the garden ditch, and along by the roadside, the wells and drinking-water generally become contaminated, and typhoid results. So that one sometimes wonders whether that plan which prevails in the small southern French and Italian towns, of letting all refuse water run into open cemented channels, and then finally away out over the land, may not really be better. But as far as fish are concerned (for this is the whole interest of the question from the point of view of Badminton Echoes) they do not suffer from sewage pure and simple. On the contrary, they do well upon it, as many an angler knows. Witness, for instance, that beautiful Dorchester trout stream. At a point below the town the sewage empties into the river by a huge pipe. Here the finest fish are always lying, but so well fed are they that they scarcely deign to look at a fly. When, however, one is beguiled, he is certain to be a monster. In the town museum they have a whopper stuffed. I forgot at the moment whether he is 9 lb. or 12 lb. in weight; but no matter, he is a grand fish, and he was taken at the sewage-pipe.

Butterfly-Catching. During a short absence from England lately in the towns of the south of France, I found myself at times considerably nonplussed for an excuse for exercise. There was no shooting, there was no hunting, no fishing. An Englishman is proverbially miserable when he has nothing to kill or catch, and I suppose that was why I took up with the butterflies. I had done it before; but it was years ago—in the days when the other boys collected stamps and I kept snakes and dormice among the jam-pots in my school locker; so it was curious coming back to it again after all this time. Well, at any rate, I can strongly recommend it to any brother sportsman who finds himself bored at Nice or Cannes; or say he has had a poor night at Monte Carlo—that he has, in short, *not* broken the bank—then let him take his net and be off to the hills, and with the first butterfly he will forget all about it: that I will guarantee. These Riviera butterflies are so beautiful and so varied. Simply to study their methods of flight is a liberal education in aerial mechanics, and there is capital practice for eye and hand; for it is not so easy as it seems to catch a strong flying butterfly. You will find, I suspect, that for, at any rate, the first week you make woefully bad shots, and nothing which "keeps in" the eye and hands is to be despised.

Butterfly-Distinctions. But, quite apart from the excitement of catching, there lies a genuine charm and interest simply in studying the movements of butterflies. Their flight seems to fall under three heads: there are butterflies which glide, butterflies which float, and butterflies which flutter. Among the gliding kinds come the "common" and the "Large Tortoise-shell," the "Red Admiral," the "Painted Lady," and many more. This class of butterfly is hard to beat for consummate ease of flight. They are like the falcons among the birds. Just one flick of the wing and then away they go, gliding through the air with wings motionless. No better instance of a floating butterfly could be given than that of the common "Large Cabbage-White." Watch it in the garden, and see how it seems to float. And then the fluttering class, of which the small "Wood-White" is the most extreme example. There are also, of course, those which soar—butterflies which go suddenly right up and away, clean over the tops of the trees. The "Purple Emperor" may stand for these. And then their colours. Here, alone, you have a boundless field of interest. Keen as you may flatter yourself your own eyes are, you will often have reason for humiliation. If you doubt this, try and follow the "Green Hair-streak" among the ilex-trees. Yes; butterfly-catching and butterfly-watching is a good education—especially since a butterfly is useless if you knock a feather off its wings.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

An important contribution to the Shelley literature will be shortly issued under the title "An Account of Shelley's Visits to France, Switzerland, and the Savoy." The author is Mr. Charles I. Elton, and the publishers are Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

The facile and tearful versifier, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, is about to publish a new volume under the title "Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile." The publisher will be Mr. D. Nutt.

A pleasant little book by the Rev. A. R. Buckland, the morning preacher at the Foundling Hospital, has been published under the title of "The Heroic in Missions" (Ibsister and Co.). The writer traces in readable manner the footsteps, often marked with blood, of missionary pioneers in Japan, Africa, India, and elsewhere. The story of Bishop Horden is especially interesting. Mr. Buckland quotes, as an *envo*, Matthew Arnold's lines addressed, I believe, to that untiring worker, the late Dr. Tyler.

Madame Sarah Grand has made her name by a book which, though the reasons for its popularity may be far from literary, is notable. Such a burst of popularity will probably carry several minor efforts safely over into the region of at least comparative success. "Our Manifold Nature" (Heinemann) need not, therefore, cause herself, her friends, or her publisher anxiety. Still, the next one had need be better. Whatever were the faults of "The Heavenly Twins," carelessness was not one; but the stories in this later volume have that haphazard, hand-to-mouth character which suggests an over-ready compliance with the demands of editors eager to have anything from the pen of a writer who has made a name.

In some of them, "Ah! Man," "Kane," and "Boomellen," you find sympathy, pathos, and genuine interest in human nature, but in no highly significant degree. They are surely too slight to be alluded to in Madame Grand's heavy preface, which really must have reference to "The Yellow Leaf" and "Eugenia." These are serious—nay, solemn—stories, with themes of the kind proved to be of such widespread interest by "The Heavenly Twins." Needless to say, their point of view is admirable. Where she is at her best she is writing pamphlets in the form of stories, effective pamphlets, and much needed ones.

They have been attacked by critics, it seems, on the ground of bad art. That is absurd. Art has very little to do with them. The matrons and maidens in her pages who wear "P. P." for Progressive Party so proudly on their sleeves should be accepted for what they are—mouthpieces for what needs saying. It is all the more pitiable, then, that Madame Sarah Grand should repeat the mistake of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and write a preface defending her "art." It does not seem likely she will ever produce a work of art; her power is altogether different, and she may well be satisfied to know she has made so many thousands look a moral question in the face who would never have done so by themselves.

Mr. Francillon is a very good story-writer, who seems too frequently—but this may be the critic's conceit—to go wrong. What he was made for was a novelist of character, a philosophical observer, good-humouredly cynical, of the freaks and foibles and impulses of his kind. In all the stories of his I have read I have never failed to be interested in the characters, and still more in his own reflections on men and things, outer and inner. These are never trite or cheap. But there have been too many signs of his searching after difficult plots.

In "Jack Doyle's Daughter" the effort is simply desperate. "Conceive of a mysterious child," he said to himself, "with five fathers. Let neither of the five be her rightful one, and defy the reader to find your solution of the plot before it is absolutely necessary to reveal it." By means of endless complications and confusion of identities, the secret is certainly well kept from the reader; but is it worth while? Every one of the characters is amusing. We can be glad he used them for some purpose; but it is surely over-modesty on the author's part to think he cannot write an interesting novel without such over-elaboration of the plot.

I have here in my hand what is, I suppose, a little joke of Mr. Walter Pollock's. It purports to be the "Mémoires Inédits de M. le Marquis de — (1770-1793)." It is in French. It is bound in dainty white parchment, printed on pretty paper with marginal decorations. There are about twenty-two pages of it, and it will fit into your waistcoat pocket—only you would never think of putting it there. It is published by Messrs. Remington.

M. le Marquis was very much of the old *régime*, very *spirituel*, very graceful, very haughty. But it can't be summarised. I should use as many words as Mr. Pollock, and spoil everything, for the French is very pretty. Suffice it to say, the Marquis and the Marquise's aristocratic temper lead them to their death at last. The mob did not even take time to guillotine them, which caused their cousin, *à la mode de Bretagne*, to say, "Peste! quelle chance ils ont eu d'échapper à la mère guillotine!" *C'était devenu un sort si commun!*"

"Well, and then?" you say. But that's all. It is a very little joke, rather cheap, and, for all the old Marquis's suggested wickedness and grace, without much savour. But it is very harmless play to write such little jokes in French, and then they give you an appetite for something substantial even unto stodginess.

o. o.

PROMOTED ACTRESSES.



MISS ELIZA FARREN.

MARRIED THE TWELFTH EARL OF DERBY 1797; DIED 1829.



MRS. ANASTASIA ROBINSON.
MARRIED LORD PETERBOROUGH CIRCA 1724.

And when she grew up she was given in marriage to a first-class Earl, who keeps his carriage. Such was the height of success reached by "Gentle Jane," who was, on Mr. W. S. Gilbert's authority, "as good as gold." Whether because they were "as good as gold," or otherwise, a similar measure of social success has been attained by various ladies of the dramatic profession, who have married first-class Earls, and even Dukes. But it is a saddening reflection for other ambitious ladies that in some of these cases the first-class noblemen did not, if I may be allowed the expression, "turn up trump." Take, for example, the earliest of the charmers whose portraits we give, Anastasia Robinson, who was given in marriage to the Earl of Peterborough. She was an opera-singer, and the Earl, apparently, was a very dilatory lover, until the lady's performance of the highly appropriate character of Patient Grisel overcame his hesitation and he married her. This happened about 1724, but the lady was not publicly acknowledged as the Earl's wife until just before his death, twenty years after.

Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera" (1728), became Duchess of Bolton, but in somewhat irregular fashion. The Duke was a married man when he fell in love

with her, but she waived that objection, and lived with him for twenty-three years, when, his wife dying, he, oddly enough, married Polly Peachum. Elizabeth Farren, who married the Earl of Derby in 1797, also occupied the position of Countess-elect for some years, while the Countess-in-possession injudiciously lived on; but in her case there was no absolute breach of propriety, for Elizabeth was a dragon of virtue. We are told that "it is an undisputed fact that she never admitted his Lordship to any interview unless Mrs. Farren was present."

Harriot Mellon, with, so far as I can judge, little beauty, and not much dramatic ability, made two splendid marriages, her first husband being Thomas Coutts, the banker, her second the Duke of St. Albans. Mr. Coutts was twice as old as she in 1815, when he married her; she was twice as old as the Duke in 1827, when they were married. Her striking success in the matrimonial market made her the object



MISS LOUISA BRUNTON.
MARRIED THE FIRST EARL OF CRAVEN 1807; DIED 1860.

of coat he affected; but he jilted her, and the lady got £3000 damages out of him. Ultimately, she married the Earl of Harrington, who, as Lord Petersham, had been a very noted man about town.

If the anecdote told by Mr. George Vandenhoff in his "Reminiscences" is accurate, the wooing was brief. The Earl invited Madame Vestris, then managing the Olympic, to come to supper, and to bring with her an agreeable companion. Vestris invited a young actress of her company, and, when she prudently declined, asked Maria Foote to accompany her. She did so, and within a fortnight she was Countess of Harrington.

Miss Farebrother, whom the Duke of Cambridge married, and who died but four years ago, made a hit just fifty years since, when she played the Leader of the Forty in Albert Smith's burlesque of "The Forty Thieves" at the Lyceum. Her remarkable beauty, in the costume shown in our illustration, caused a tremendous sensation, and it has been soberly affirmed that she was the handsomest actress ever seen on the English stage. R. W. L.



MISS FARREN, COUNTESS OF DERBY,
IN THE CHARACTER OF EMMELINE.

of many scurrilous attacks, and she suffered much from literary blackmailers, whom she fought with a courage deserving of all praise.

Very uneventful were the careers of Louisa Brunton, who first appeared in London in 1803, and in 1807 married the Earl of Craven; of Miss Bolton, who, after being some seven years on the stage, married the poetical Lord Thurlow in 1813; and of "Kitty" Stephens, the charming singer, who married the Earl of Essex in 1838, and died only twelve years ago. But Maria Foote, who in 1831 became Countess of Harrington, had an eventful life. While quite young, she formed an unfortunate connection with one Colonel Berkeley, of the Militia; then, some years after, she was engaged to one Joseph Hayne — known as "Peagreen Hayne," from the colour



MISS HARRIOT MELLON.
MARRIED THE NINTH DUKE OF ST. ALBANS 1827; DIED 1837.



MISS MARY BOLTON.
MARRIED THE SECOND BARON THURLOW 1813; DIED 1830.



MISS LAVINIA FENTON.
MARRIED THE THIRD DUKE OF BOLTON 1751; DIED 1760.



MISS FAREBROTHER,
MARRIED THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; DIED 1890.



MISS MARIA FOOTE.
MARRIED THE FOURTH EARL OF HARRINGTON 1831; DIED 1867.



MISS CATHERINE STEPHENS.
MARRIED THE FIFTH EARL OF ESSEX 1838; DIED 1882.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The public hears little of her Majesty the Queen of Sweden and of Norway, although she has visited this country several times. Queen Sophia is German born, but by her sympathies and interests she belongs entirely to the two northern countries whose crowns she wears. She has not been strong in health for a number of years, and consequently she has been compelled to live a comparatively retired life. She cannot often share in the great Court festivals. Her interests are to a great



Photo by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

extent taken up by charitable work. One of her most cherished occupations is to alleviate distress, and, being strongly impressed by religion, the Queen is vividly interested by the religious movements of her time. If there had been anything in her kingdoms which could be called High Church and Low Church, the Queen would have to be reckoned as approaching the latter.

More than one charitable institution has been founded through the initiative of the Queen, above all the "Sofiahemmet," or Sophia Home, in Stockholm. She has on many occasions started the idea of important works of charity—for instance, when she formed and carried out the plan of the great fancy fair in Christiania for the benefit of the families of the wrecked fishermen from Finnmarken. Although the Queen has to keep within doors a great deal, on account of her delicate health, she keeps herself *au courant* with everything that occurs, and often takes a leading part. She is the guiding spirit in quiet work which never ceases. The Queen has passed some winters at Bournemouth, and during her stay has acquired a warm sympathy for the people and country. She has learnt much from great English works of charity, which, later on, she has taken as a model for her own endeavours. Her Majesty has also a large number of personal acquaintances in England. The Queen frequently passes the summer in Norway, retiring to quiet, lonely valleys among forests and mountains in order to enjoy repose. It is thus she has spent the last two summers at the beautiful Skinnarbol. Queen Sophia is a younger sister of the present ruling Grand Duke of Luxembourg. She was born on July 9, 1836, in the Palace of Biebrich, in Nassau. There she was married, on June 6, 1857, to the present King Oscar Frederick, then Prince, and with him she ascended the thrones of the united kingdoms on Sept. 18, 1872. The royal couple were crowned in Stockholm on May 12, 1873, and in Trondhjem on the following July 18. Their Majesties have four sons—Gustave (born 1858), Oscar (1859), Charles (1861), and Eugène (1865).

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.

MEMBER'S WIFE: *Very earnest and full of information.*

COUNTRY COUSIN: *Very excitable and frivolous, but anxious to appear quite at home.*

M. W. Now, I want to give you a few preliminary explanations, so that you may have a broad outline.

C. C. (*interrupting*). Oh, Auntie! who is that funny man in the wig just coming in? Is it Harcourt or Balfour?

M. W. No, no; that's the Speaker. (*Lowers her tone.*) You must keep very quiet for a few minutes.

C. C. (*overawed, in a stage whisper, craning her neck to see.*) I can't see what is going on. (*A little hysterically.*) It's like a charade. Why are they all turning backs and looking into their hats? Are they going to vote?

M. W. (*sternly*). No. Hush! they are going to pray.

[C. C. *subsides till prayers are over.*]

M. W. (*recovers her energy and cheerfulness.*) Now, I want you to understand how the members sit. The Liberals are on the right of the Speaker. Do you see?

[C. C. *immediately looks at the Serjeant-at-Arms, and consequently somewhat loses her bearings, but is eventually convinced that the Speaker is invisible just below.*]

M. W. (*continues*). The Conservatives are on the left.

C. C. (*anxious to show that she has entirely mastered the situation.*) Oh! of course, I could have told you that. What loyal, good English faces those men have over there on the middle benches of the extreme left!

M. W. (*correcting hastily*). You did not leave me time to explain that *they* are the Irish party—the Radical Irish members—though they sit among the Conservatives, because—

C. C. (*anxious to redeem her character as an intelligent observer.*) I suppose that's a thorough-going English Home Ruler, that man with the eye-glass and the orchid in his button-hole near the top on the right, where you said the Liberals sit.

M. W. (*in despair at the necessary complication of the explanations.*) That's Chamberlain, the leader of the Liberal Unionists. They sit on the right, among the Liberals, because they only dissent from their party on the Home Rule question, and, of course—

C. C. (*yawns, and makes up her mind to try the other side for a last chance of distinguishing herself.*) Oh, Auntie! who is that fine-looking Conservative, with dark eyes and iron-grey hair, sitting among the Irish members? He is very interesting-looking.

M. W. (*hopelessly*). That's not a Conservative, my dear—that's John Burns, the Labour champion. The Labour party—that is to say, two of them, the other is Mr. Keir Hardie, the unkempt man in the horrid cap—sit on that side because— (*She enters into details.*)

[C. C. *gives the subject up as hopeless once and for all. Pause.*]

C. C. What are they doing now?

M. W. (*much relieved at the change of subject.*) It is question time now. If you follow the paper you have, you will see what it is all about.

C. C. But how can I understand who is being spoken to when I don't know who is the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs? What is that man talking about now—the one with the grey whiskers?

M. W. That's Mr. Fowler. You see, the House is just now busy with a Bill.

C. C. (*impatiently*). I don't understand about the Bills; but I do wish you would tell me the names of the members, and whether they are married, and what incomes they have. And, oh, Auntie (*in an excitable tone*), where do the boxers sit?

[*Great sensation among the ladies in the gallery, who stare at the Country Cousin.*]

M. W. (*nervously*). What do you mean, my dear?

C. C. Why, Tom said they had had a fight here. He said it was a boxing night.

M. W. (*whose husband's cousin's brother had taken part in the fray.*) Oh! that was a long time ago. You must not allude to it, or people will think you are not up-to-date. Besides (*diplomatically*), they only differed about the right of way. (*Country Cousin understands nothing, and is, therefore, duly impressed.*)

[*At this moment their Member appears.*]

MEMBER (*importantly*). Well, my dear, are you much impressed? Has Auntie been telling you all about it? Did she point out all the celebrities? (*Pompously.*) I hope you saw me?

C. C. Oh, Uncle, I'm afraid I didn't! (*Adds archly.*) But I think I saw your hat at prayer time.

MEMBER (*good-humouredly*). Come along to tea, my dear. We weary legislators need your bright prattle after our severe mental strain.

[*Exeunt. General relief of the Ladies' Gallery at the cessation of the "bright prattle."*]

MAKING A START.

BRIGGS: "Old man, I've just started a bank account."

GRIGGS: "Great Scott! How did you succeed in doing it?"

BRIGGS: "My engagement was broken off last week."—*Judge.*

THE ART OF THE DAY.





BISON ON THE OSSENBORN (WINTER).—F. A. VERNER.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street.

The Royal Society of British Artists threw open the doors of its exhibition to the public on April 2. This exhibition has an average kind of interest, but we rejoice to learn that it is proposed in future to restrict the number of pictures and to give an especial care to the manner in which they are hung. If this proposal is carried out, we shall have, for the first time in the history of English exhibitions, a gallery the pictures of which are hung not with a view to individual glory so much as to the generally decorative effect of the whole. The lack of attention to this most important detail is precisely the defect which has hung like a plague upon the trail of all our exhibitions. One picture destroys another, according to our present method of arrangement, even as the blue tie of a certain art critic—Reckitt's, Mr. Whistler called it—was accused by that artist of ruining the harmonious effect of a certain picture on a now historic occasion.

We very much fear that to wander round these galleries at the present time is neither an inspiring nor "enthusing" experience. It is the younger men who please us best, not only by their indifference to convention—a malady most incident to youth—but by their fresh, morning sense of natural beauty.



GORING.—MAX LUDBY.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street.



SPRING MORNING.—F. A. VERNER.

Exhibited in the Collection of "Big Game of America," in the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street.

For example, one is arrested amid a somewhat dreary wilderness by Mr. Harold Speed's "Hanging-out Clothes" (21), which, though perfectly unpretentious, has, nevertheless, a very pretty scheme, and is distinguished by its sympathetic colour. We would not, indeed, play the Timon. We should like to separate individually each picture painted by each of these artists, and thus examine them independently. Then we might come to some judgment of worth on the merits of each; at present, jostling one another out of proportion as they do, this is nearly impossible.

We may, however, in passing, mention a sunny and tender picture by Mr. H. H. Cauty, R.B.A., hanging in the Central Gallery, "Little Bo-peep has Lost her Sheep," and a characteristic Dutch river-scene, "Marken, Zuider Zee," by Mr. G. Sherwood Hunter, R.B.A. Two pictures by painters less academically distinguished, "Monday's Washing,"

by Emma Black, and "The Bay of the Somme," by Walter Black, also hanging in the same room, claim some attention. They are both singularly full of light and transparency: in the second, however, the blue reflection on the nude boy's back is wanting in tone; you seem to be looking through a large cleft into the sea beyond.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the President, contributes a careful and elaborate painting of the interior of Lyons Cathedral, which he calls "Light in the West." The composition and the drawing are admirable; the stained glass is painted with extraordinary skill and appreciation of the artistic quality of subdued light. Notwithstanding that we are no sticklers for realism, we must object, on grounds of mere possibility, to a representation of the Roman Mass in the afternoon—is not the light in the west?—at which the celebrant wears a cope and a little boy is swinging a thurible. It is all very well to retort that these inaccurate details do not interfere with the general artistic effect; but, as a matter of fact, the introduction of inaccurate details does detract from the value

of a pictorial representation in some human, mysterious way. You might get a very nice scheme of colour out of a representation on the same canvas of strong moonlight and strong sunlight; but the picture would not exactly convince, because the inaccuracy is not natural or possible. There the rub comes in.

In the South-East Gallery, Mr. Robert Morley, R.B.A., contributes a vastly humorous painting of a solitary and piercing-eyed owl, which he merely calls "The Critic." Viewed as a mere practical joke, the thing is triumphant. You are arrested by the general air of dissatisfaction and satire with which the bird regards you, and turning to the catalogue you find—yourself. As a work of art, one may say generally that it is strongly and effectively drawn. Its chief lack is the very human and un-birdlike expression of the features. It strikes one as a caricature extremely well painted for humorous reasons. Another picture in the same room, by the same artist, "For Dear Life," a dog in hot pursuit of a rabbit, is full of extraordinary vitality and movement. Frankly, we do not like Mr. Morley's subjects; but he has a singular power of expression.

A group of the original drawings for the mosaics in St. Paul's, by Mr. W. B. Richmond, occupy one's chief attention in the South-West Gallery; they are bold, intentional, and highly graceful compositions. Moreover, we do not look in such drawings for anything like movement or tragic action; everything should be expressive, and, if tragic, full of tragic dignity; the motion, though full, should be restrained—not a line but what should express something great and noble. Mr. Richmond, though, as we have said, admirable in composition and a graceful arrangement of line, still lacks this fulness of emotion. The effect, we regret to say, is a little vapid and uninteresting. Let us hasten to add, however, that none but an artist could have accomplished their creation.

A recent sale at Christie's proves the interesting and delightful fact that the Dutch masters are regarded by the public at large with no decreasing sense of value. A Jan Steen, for example, sold for over £500, a Franz Hals went for £325, and other prices of somewhat exceptional bulk were given for pictures by other Dutch masters. A Titian, however, sold for only £105, where any work by the same hand might have commanded three times the sum twenty years ago.



THE LAST QUARTER OF THE HONEYMOON.—C. HERMANS.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.



"ONE, TWO, THREE, FIRE!"—CHARLES E. MARSHALL.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



"REPAIRS CAREFULLY EXECUTED."—MAUD CRUTWELL.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

In the Exhibition of Early Italian Art, at the New Gallery, Regent Street.

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PAINTED BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BOTH PARTIES SATISFIED.

"Great Scott! Jack, that dog of yours is a new kind, isn't it?"

"Well, you see, my wife and I both wanted a dog. She fancied a King Charles spaniel and I longed for a bull pup. This dog seemed to suit both of us."



F A M E.

HE : "When I was in America I met the famous Mr. Edison. Of course, you've heard of him ?"
SHE : "Oh, yes ! He invented the Edison Lighthouse, didn't he ?"



"HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH, DI?"
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



MARKET DAY.

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

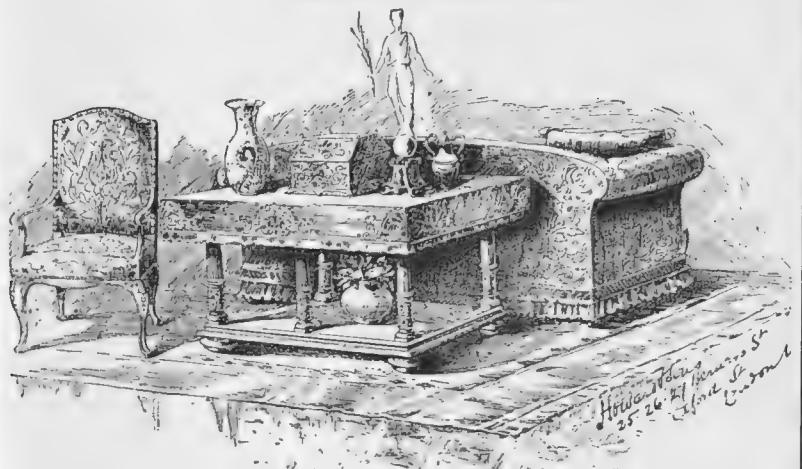
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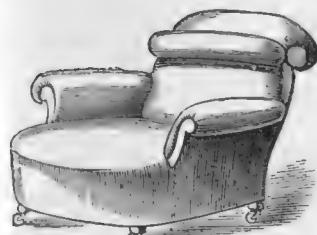
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"DENTELLES MURALES,"

The New WALL DECORATION.



"SIÈGE DE DUVET"

EASY CHAIRS.

25, 26, 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

"Familiar in his mouth as household words."



Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES

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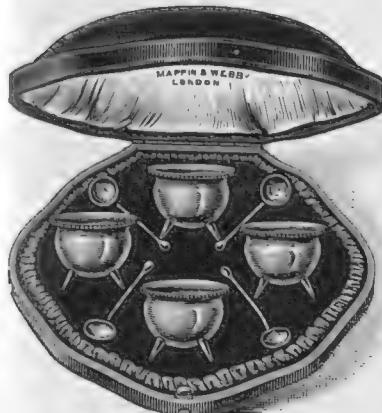
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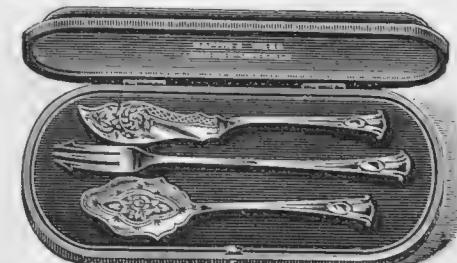
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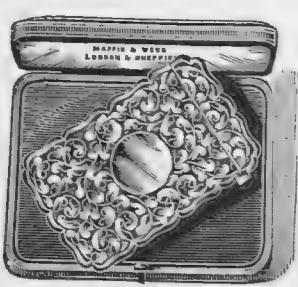
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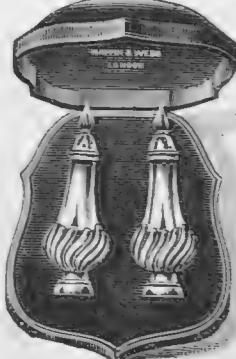
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CURIOS EXPERIMENTS ON CORPULENCY.

Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses, to moderately lean persons, of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2lb. to even 12lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for themselves by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body, but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasion of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.; the author of "Corpulence and the Cure," price 6d.) makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2lb. or more in twenty-four hours. - We think stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained through booksellers or at the address given above.

The following are Extracts from other Journals:—
A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed.

We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulence and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I can guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, absolutely guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is

different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring judge. The treatment aims at the actual root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending cost of postage, 6d., a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

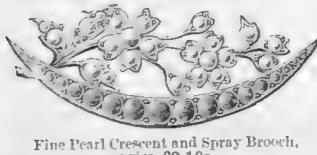
HOW OBESITY MAY BE CURED.

We have before us a little pamphlet on "Corpulence and Cure," by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., who goes into the cause and cure of the disease with bold certainty of his curative powers. How to liberate a small soul of the burden of bearing about a big body without injuring the said body—how to give locomotive power in place of waddling along the path of life—to enable a person to run who hitherto could scarcely walk—that is a secret worth possessing. Here the author is "matter of fact." He makes no mystery whatever about his cure. He virtually says, "Give me a few herbs from the field made into a pleasing compound, and I will in twenty-four hours remove 2lb. of unhealthy waste fat." In one week 14 lb. have been reduced. This is not like the treatment of an ordinary disease, for all the doubtful person has to do is to go to one of the "penny-in-the-slot" weighing-machines and ascertain for himself how much weight he has lost. These results are really astounding. I can quite understand those who put people on some sort of starvation diet losing an amount of fat, but in this case he simply smiles, and calls your attention to the fact that when the first 2lb. are lost the system becomes more healthy and requires more food. Fat people must not miss this pamphlet, and it only costs 6d. to send for it.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

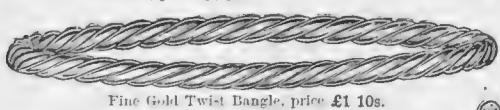
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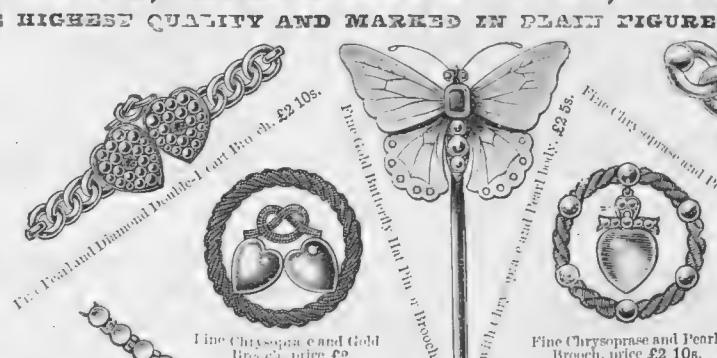
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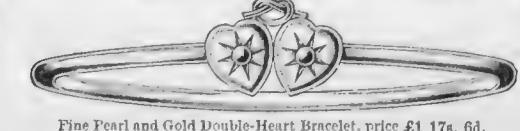
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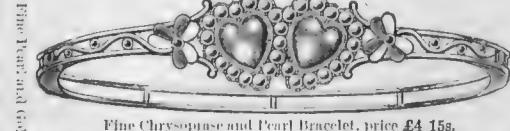


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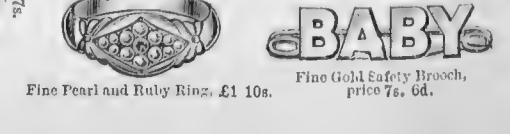
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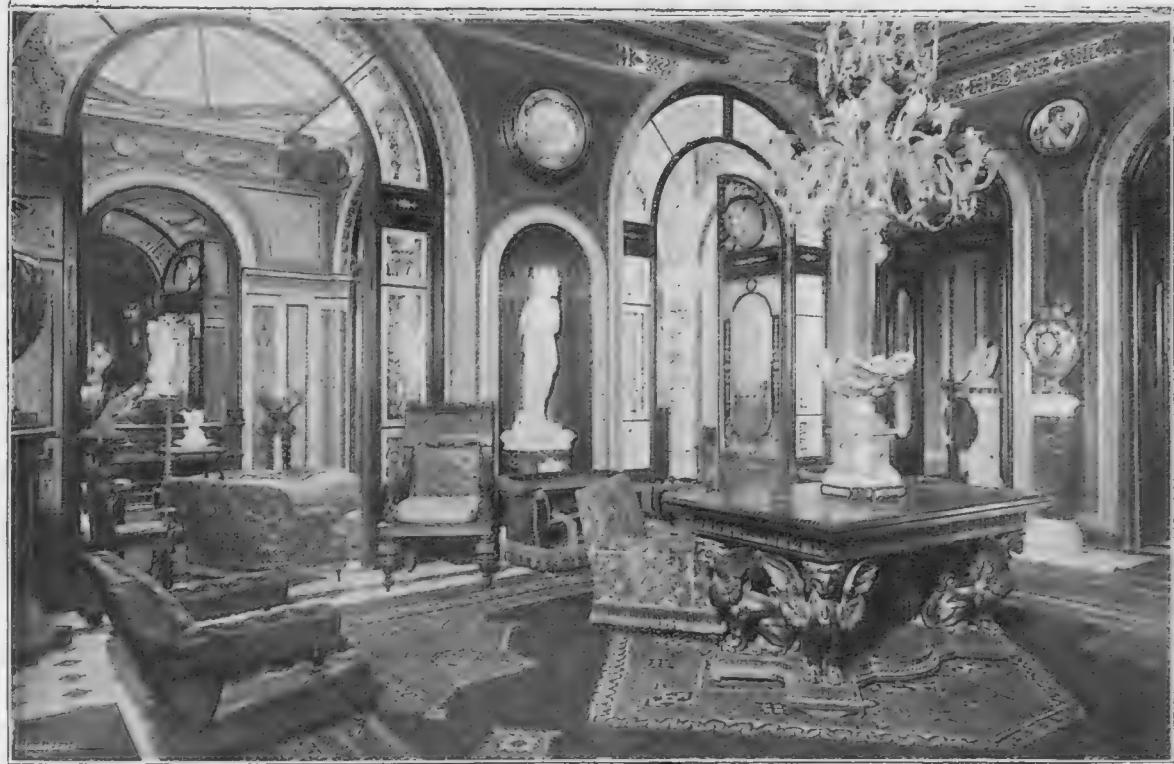
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FLORENCE AND THE FLORENTINES.

With Photographs of the interior of the Villa Fabricotti by G. Brogi, Florence.

Now that the Queen has set the seal of royal appreciation on this quaint old city of Florence by her occasional visits, a new interest will be felt by many—or, surely, they must be the few—who have not halted at some time of their wanderings in the most fascinating spot in Europe. One cannot quite explain the glamour which is felt in Florence. It is something quite peculiar to the place itself—a lazy charm which influences even the most actively minded tourist, doing a continent in a given number of days, and bidding him insensibly draw rein while the hours on which he should have galloped away glide on here uncounted. Even at the first visit one grows to love its preposterous incongruity of palace and hovel, its strongly present mediævalism, its friendly pigeons fluttering and pecking through the streets, its dark little macaroni shops,



its lazy and light-hearted population. When one lives there, as I have done, these things and many more—the flowers, the sunshine—grow into affection, until it seems impossible that life can be lived to so full a measure of content elsewhere. The upper classes hold faithfully to the old patrician creed of supreme-do-nothingness, and that people of birth and high station should take life seriously is not for a moment to be considered. Amusement, dress, and, above all, flirtation, occupy their waking moments. Without all three (and with a particular accent on the latter) life were indeed a blank to the gay-hearted Florentine. Here, as in most southern towns, “the play’s the thing,” not for its intrinsic value, but as a convenient trysting occasion, and so everybody meets everybody else at the Opera, where gossip is the business of the hour, and music occasionally listened to—but more often not. Everybody of note has her own box, and the men trip in and out from one *chère amie* to another, like so many rabbits in a warren. I suppose

the one reason of their indifference to the actual performance is that so few really good singers or works are put on. Like all Italians, they of Florence are excellent critics, and a new comer has not long to remain in doubt as to their verdict on her vocal charms or otherwise. Flowers and kisses—of the hand, be it understood—are lavishly employed, and I have, alack! seen a feeble baritone helped off the stage with beetroot and broccoli, which, being cheap, are sometimes used at a performance as notes of disapprobation. Card-playing is a favourite pastime, and usually begins about midnight, when *le signore*, having returned from the theatre, open their hospitable doors to their friends. Have I said of the men that they are wonderfully handsome, as a rule, and dandified not a little? For the women I cannot say much, as far as looks go, but here and there, when passing through a crowded street, one will come upon a face of perfect beauty, with severely classic outline, brown, velvet eyes, and soft, wavy hair.



THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED."

I sadly fear that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is a flatterer. What could be more subtly gratifying to the feminine mind than his exposition of poetry as the negation of sex? In the *English Illustrated* this month Mr. Le Gallienne makes a small anthology of the ladies who write verses in these days. It would be a ticklish task for many critics, but Mr. Le Gallienne envelops all these rhymers in one caressing assurance. They are just as manly as men, and the men who write poetry, fiction, or what not are just as womanly as women. In short, "poetry is sexless." It is a mere accident that gives us petticoats instead of trousers, and the mind is clad in no distinctive garment. At one stroke Mr. Le Gallienne has rid us of the controversy about the equality of men and women. We are all women and men too, so why keep up the sexual pother any longer? Whether this be sound philosophy, I do not stop to discuss, but as



Illustrating "Some Jewel Mysteries I Have Known" in the "English Illustrated Magazine."

a device of the man at bay who has the embarrassing duty of determining the merits of lyrical ladies it is simply a flash of genius. Mr. Max Pemberton's jewel-dealer unfolds another mystery from his note-book. Very good most of these jewel mysteries are, and there is a special piquancy in the idea of a noble lord—a Scotch lord, moreover—being kidnapped on the eve of his marriage by a revengeful lady. I have come to regard revenge, however, as the private property of Mr. Robert Barr. He treats this passion with inexhaustible variety, and by the time his series of tales comes to an end in this magazine the capacity of the human intellect in this direction will be indefinitely enlarged. In every class of life and every occupation Mr. Barr will have provided a fresh and original method of taking off one's mortal enemy. The revengeful man in this present story is a telegraph operator, and I am not sure that I ought not to warn all telegraph operators to skip it, lest it should recur to them in some horrible moment of temptation in their professional work. Mr. Barry

Pain continues in this number his agreeable memoirs of "Cynthia's Love Affairs," and there are clever sketches of character by Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Henry Harland. Mr. J. M. Bulloch shows how deftly he can turn a ballade; but I must chasten him with the criticism which a book-hunter of my acquaintance has passed upon this stanza of "The Fourpenny Box"—

The learned philologist, Bopp,
Makes friends with a tattered Mark Twain.
An orphan Vergilius Op.,
A quarto (in calf) by Montaigne,
An obsolete "Murray" to Spain,
A copy of "Valentine Vox,"
Lie, covered with dusty disdain,
In the depths of the Fourpenny Box.

I found my friend solemnly wagging his head over this. "Very neat," quoth he; "but doesn't the bard know that the 'obsolete 'Murray' to Spain' is the rarest and best 'Murray' in the market? Fourpenny box, indeed! Why, that book will always fetch a sovereign, at least! It was written by Clare Ford's father, Sir, and let me tell you—"

Here he launched into a disquisition which is beside the mark; but I have reported enough to show that your book-collector is a dangerous critic of your ballade. By-the-way, Mr. Bulloch's verses are very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin, and the whole number is alive with pictures, especially of monkeys in Mr. Phil Robinson's "The Zoo Revisited."

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

Who that knows South Devon and has wandered by the rushing stream of Dart, with its banks strewn with great granite boulders and clothed with lovely verdure, conspicuous among which are the huge clumps of the *Osmunda regalis*, the flowering fern that flourishes so luxuriantly in the black peaty soil, but will remember the little village of Holne, with its glorious Chase, that extends up to the confines of Dartmoor. It was at Holne, with its soft, west-country air and its picturesque surroundings, that Charles Kingsley, who was destined to be the chronicler in after days of many a worthy of Devon, was born, in 1819, and here, in the little parish church, where he was christened, a memorial has lately been erected. This is a stained-glass window, the cost of which has been defrayed by public subscription, and which is dedicated "To the glory of God and in pious memory of Charles Kingsley." All admirers of the gifted and manly author of "Westward Ho!" will rejoice to see the prophet honoured in his own country at last. It is nearly twenty years since England mourned the loss of Charles Kingsley.

THE METHOD OF MASSENET.

Jules Massenet, whose opera "Thaïs" has just been produced at the Paris Opéra, and whose one-act work, "La Nivernaise," written for Mdlle. Calvé, is to be seen at Covent Garden this season, is, like many composers and even more dramatists, a terrible coward on first nights. He habitually keeps away from the theatre when any work of his is to receive first public hearing, and passes the hours of waiting in either working out new ideas, chatting or thinking about the past, or conversing quietly with his wife in his comfortable home, while the verdict is being passed. Massenet is, indeed, a composer of the domesticated sort. Not for him the freaks and follies of so many of the craft. His manner of life is simple and regular. On summer mornings he gets up at five, and in the winter months at six. Then he works until about noon, and, after a meal, goes out to pay calls or fulfil business engagements. The evening he loves to spend in peace and quietness in the bosom of his family. It is his daughter who has charge of some of the most cherished treasures in his little library—

namely, a set of large folio volumes containing, in strict chronological order, the manuscripts of all his operatic works. Mdlle. Massenet has even to look after the binding and general condition of these *pièces à servir*; she thoroughly enjoys the task. Systematic and well-ordered is the method of workmanship of the composer of "Le Cid" and "Le Roi de Lahore." Whenever a new libretto comes into his hands, he first studies it thoroughly, until the theme and the characters are well in his head. Then, after a period of incubation sometimes extending over two years, he starts composing, still in his head, and his ideas come to him as freely in the street as at home. This goes on for another couple of years, without his touching either a pen or a piano, and then, when the score is completely finished—still in his head, I must reiterate—he has to betake himself to the laborious task of copying it out, so to speak, from memory. Six months is the time that this last stage in the composition of an opera occupies Jules Massenet.

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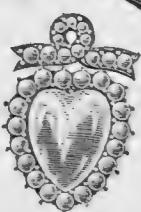
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A GERMAN CARNIVAL.

With Photographs by F. X. Ostermayr, Munich.

To the frolic-loving foreigner there is much in our English life that is painfully monotonous. Nowhere is this shown so markedly as in the case of anything in the nature of a street gala, with its black-coated crowds, and those dreary decorations which show the minimum of ingenuity or variety. On the Continent it is otherwise, different places having pretty festivals, connected more or less with their history. The Bavarian capital, every seven years, commemorates a notable incident in its history in a characteristic way. Long, long ago—in fact, in the year 1517—a terrible outbreak of plague desolated Munich. The inhabitants



were panic-stricken to such a degree that they were afraid to leave their houses, or even to look out into the streets. Everyone avoided his neighbour; trade came to a complete standstill; no one dared to tend the sick, or even to bury the dead, who lay by hundreds about the streets. This ghastly condition of pest and panic was at length broken in upon by the wholesome courage of a troop of coopers, who resolved to ignore the prevailing terror and try the effect of cheerfulness. With lively music and green-wreathed hoops, they came dancing through the deserted streets, bearing in their midst a barrel of beer. The unwonted sounds of merriment attracted the curiosity of the burghers. Window after window was opened, and anxious faces looked out to see what it was all about. The spell of terror was thus broken.

The dance is a great event in Munich, taking place in the early part of the year. Among the jolly followers of the coopers some ridiculous harlequins caper about; here, snatching a kiss quick as lightning from an unwary nurserymaid; there, dashing into a pork butcher's shop, to come out brandishing a cable of sausages with which the butcher, according to ancient usage, has at once laughingly presented him free of charge. By-the-way, the popular name in Germany for a harlequin is Hans Wurst—Jack Sausage. Did some such old custom as the above originate the name? One office of Hans Wurst in the coopers' procession is to make a way through the crowd and clear a circular space for the dance. This is done by the men in motley thumping the heads of the bystanders with a rattling rod, which is wielded, however, with more noise than force. His companions, meanwhile, operate with an enormous pair of shears, which they open and close right in among the people, and occasionally cause to shoot up at the faces of the spectators who are looking out of the first-floor windows.

Next comes the band of musicians, followed by the main body of dancers, twenty-four fine young fellows, carrying between them the traditional

half-hoops or arches, garlanded with box, which play so important a part in the performance. They wear open scarlet jackets trimmed with silver braid, yellow waistcoats, small yellow aprons, fastened up at one corner, green velvet caps with small, nodding light-blue and white feathers, black knee-breeches, white stockings, and shoes with big, bright buckles. In the centre walks the chief member of the troop, before whom is carried a green-wreathed beer-barrel, typical of the trade; two or three others follow, carrying blue and white hoops, glasses, and other paraphernalia. The music changes from march time to a swinging polka measure, and the dancing begins, the tune being as old as the dance itself. For more than half an hour the dancers execute a series of beautiful figures, during which men and garlands wind about in constantly changing, ever effective gyrations. At one point in the dance the quieter of the harlequins stands with a high gilt rod, surmounted with the "orb of power." This speedily becomes the centre of a colossal royal crown, which the dancers develop, winding nearer and nearer, and successively adjusting their garlands round about the orb in such manner as to complete the form. This feat leaves some clear space between the dancers and the crowd, and the second clown, seizing on some conveniently placed servant-girl in the front row of spectators, compels her, amid roars of laughter, to dance round the circle with him. When she returns to her place, her face is seen to be blackened with soot, which Hans Wurst carries about with him for the purpose, and administers as he best can during their dance.

Suddenly the music ceases, the scarlet jackets stand back in the circle, divided from one another by the green arches they hold, and the barrel

is rolled to the centre and set up on end. Three of the coopers walk round it, beating a tattoo with hammers on its rim, representing coopers at work, and then the head man mounts on the barrel and exhibits a series of graceful juggling tricks, swinging and twirling two hoops, on the inner rims of which are placed glasses filled with wine, no drop of which he spills. He then proposes the health of the master of the house before which the performance is taking place, and of each member of his family in succession. For each name the coopers and crowd give three cheers, and the toaster drinks the wine, tossing the empty glass over his shoulder. As he descends from the barrel, Hans Wurst jumps up in his place, and proceeds to imitate ridiculously the performance with the hoops, and, amid shouts of laughter, proposes sundry absurd toasts, in which some local joke of the day is often wrapped up. The band then plays the whole party into place with a gay march tune, and, still holding their green arches on high, they file into the nearest tavern, to be regaled at the host's expense, for all through the carnival the dancing coopers fare sumptuously every day, free of all charge.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

In order to enforce the truth of the axiom that the best club of the season rarely wins the Association Cup, Notts County came through the final in gallant style, and defeated Bolton Wanderers with ease by four goals to one.

Let us be strictly fair, however. Although Notts is not the best club of the season, it is doubtful whether any club in the country could have beaten them on their form in the final. The winners were in marvellously fine physical condition, showing any amount of dash, pluck, and determination, and, though doing far more work than their beaten rivals, were still fresher at the finish.

The lesson of the final is that the club most likely to survive must be composed of young, strong, resolute men, with not too much science, but just science enough. This phrasing may be rather ambiguous; but those who have seen fiercely contested Cup-ties know very well what I mean.

It is rather remarkable that out of the twenty-two players who took part in the final ten were Scotsmen, and these were equally divided between the two clubs. In every final tie since 1880 one or more Scotsmen have taken part, and in recent years the proportion has been exceedingly large—in some cases even outnumbering the Englishmen. It is also remarkable that no Englishman ever took part in the final for the Scottish Cup.

Great surprise was expressed at what was called the small attendance at the final tie. The spectators numbered "only 25,000," and the sporting Press are mourning over the falling off. Is there any meeting other than a football match where 25,000 would not be regarded as a phenomenal attendance? It is very probable that in future the finals will all be contested in London, and at the Oval, the scene of all the great finals previous to last year. With the decision of the International between Scotland and England at Glasgow last Saturday, interest in football will speedily evaporate.

To-day we give the counterfeit presentation of F. J. Lawrence, the hon. sec. of the Brighton Football Association. Mr. Lawrence is a thorough sportsman, has long been identified with the "soccer" game in Brighton, and has done

much for football on the South Coast. He is a popular figure at all the big matches, and his advice on knotty points of the game is eagerly sought after. He is a great believer in the future of Brighton football.

CRICKET.

I hear the best news of George Lohmann. His stay at the Cape has done him a world of good, and he feels so strong that he intends to take part in the Currie Cup matches, playing for the Western Province, to which some objection is being made. Of course, South African clubs know their own business best, but it would surely be a loss to South African cricket to forbid George to play.

In the autumn Lohmann will in all probability go to Australia, where he will be open for engagements. There will be as much competition for his services, I fancy, as there was for Arthur Shrewsbury's when he stayed a summer among the Australians a few years ago. It seems a bit of a coincidence that the two best professional cricketers England ever possessed should both have had to sojourn in Australia for their health. Lohmann will not return to England for at least three years, when he hopes to be thoroughly cured of his pulmonary complaint. In the meantime, what is to become of Surrey?

I have often deplored the absence of a Poet Laureate of cricket, and have threatened, in the event of no worse man coming forward, to put the pen to the task myself. Readers of *The Sketch*, however, will be spared this infliction, for Mr. Norman Gale has just seen through the press a book of poems entitled "Cricket Songs." I have every confidence that Mr. Gale will sing as sweetly his song of bat and ball, runs and catches, as he does of the ruddy red apple and the smiling milkmaid.

I hear that George Brann is going abroad, and will not be able to assist Sussex during the first half of the season. G. L. Wilson may also be absent for a time.



Hall and Son, Brighton.

F. J. LAWRENCE.

It would appear as if the rival 'Varsities will be more on an equality this season than last. Not only has that merry batsman, sound bowler, and excellent captain, F. S. Jackson, gone down, but several other Old Blues will also be absent from the Cambridge eleven. Oxford will, of course, lose the elder Palairet, but most of the other cracks will be available. A stronger lot of freshmen has not been seen at Oxford for years. Among the best of the batsmen are G. O. Smith, G. B. Raikes, B. N. Bosworth Smith, H. K. Foster—all footballers, by-the-way—F. G. Clayton, and M. Y. Barlow. Among the freshmen, the *début* of D. H. Forbes will be watched with interest. C. M. Wells, who has gone to Eton as a master, is also, I believe, still eligible to play for Cambridge.

The South African team for England leaves Cape Town to-day. They will have three weeks' practice on English ground before beginning their tour at Sheffield Park on May 25. I understand that the visitors will practise on the ground of the Private Banks C.C. at Catford Bridge.

What a pity we have never seen Moses, the Australian batsman, in England. The completion of the inter-Colonial matches shows him to be far and away the best batsman in Australia. Our old friends Coningham and Turner come out strongly in the bowling lists. The following figures will be found interesting—

BATTING AVERAGES.				
	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Average.
Moses	5	0	214	42
Callaway	7	1	220	33.2
Iredale	7	0	182	26
Murdoch	5	1	94	23.2
Donnan	3	1	45	22.1
Newell	7	2	100	20
Macpherson	3	0	55	18.1
Mackenzie	5	0	82	16.2
Gregory	4	1	46	15.1
W. Moore	7	1	88	14.4
Garrett	4	0	59	14.3
Youll	2	0	22	11
L. Moore	1	0	8	8
Turner	5	0	20	5.4
Bannerman	4	0	11	2.3
Pierce	3	0	7	2.1

BOWLING AVERAGES.			
	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Coningham	12	151	12.7
Turner	30	372	12.12
Newell	22	401	18.5
Bannerman	1	25	25
Callaway	5	165	33
Garrett	3	136	45.1

GOLF.

It is unfortunate that F. G. Tait's regimental duties will not permit him to take part in the championship at Hoylake. There are, however, a number of redoubtable Scotchmen who will do their best to make St. Andrews the resting-place of the trophy. Scotland's strongest man is, perhaps, Mr. Laidlay, but Messrs. P. C. Anderson and Muir Fergusson are sure to give plenty of trouble.

I am pleased to hear that Horace Hutchinson has not only recovered from his recent illness, but is showing excellent form over the Jersey links. He actually defeated Mr. Stewart Anderson, of North Berwick, by six up and four to play, besides breaking all records by covering the course in seventy strokes. Mr. Hutchinson will make someone sit up at Hoylake.

The match player and the championship player appear to be two different types of men. Perhaps no better examples could be seen than Rolland and Hugh Kirkaldy. Rolland is practically unbeatable in a match, and yet he makes but an indifferent show in the championships. Kirkaldy, on the other hand, was actually defeated by Taylor the other week, and yet a good many people would back Kirkaldy in the championship in preference to Rolland.

CYCLING

A good deal of speculation is rife just now as to the real intentions of Zimmerman, the American champion. It has been freely stated that he will renounce his present independence as an amateur, and set his face in the direction of professionalism. There are more unlikely things. The glamour of Zimmerman's name has already been casting a strange spell over the wealthy Parisians, who, increasing their cycling facilities year by year, are anxious to obtain the services of the best wheelman of the day. Although persistently contradicted, the statement that Zimmerman has been offered £1000 by a French millionaire to come over to France is still creating no little sensation in the wheeling world. In any case, it is not likely that the Yankee will come over to England again.

Among the so-called pastimes of the wheeling fraternity are numbered hill-climbing competitions, but if the weather we are now enjoying is any foretaste of midsummer glories one is inclined to think that the Catford C.C. would be likely to scratch their special engagement. But the popular Kittens are always climbing up some ambitious hill, and the club is, without doubt, one of the finest in London. The Catford captain is Mr. H. S. Jackson, and the general hon. secretary Mr. C. G. Sayer.

OLYMPIAN.



ELLIMAN'S
FOR
CRAMP in CHICKENS

Mr. EDMUND MASSEY,
Arnayard House, Eltham,
Kent, writes, June 15,
1893:—

"I have some very delicate young chickens (four weeks old), one of which was severely afflicted with cramp, so much so that the feet were entirely useless for three or four days. After rubbing your Embrocation on the legs and feet, both of which were icy cold, two or three times during the day, the little thing entirely recovered."

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ELLIMAN'S
FOR
CRAMP in YOUNG DUCKS.

F. A. B. writes in the Field, July 15, 1893:—

"When young ducks go in the legs from the cramp, which at this time kills so many, a bed of dry hay in a warm place, and a few rubbings with Elliman's Horse Embrocation, and having their food and water given so that they cannot wet their legs for a few days, will cure nine out of ten; and, of course, they must have chopped animal food and green vegetables."

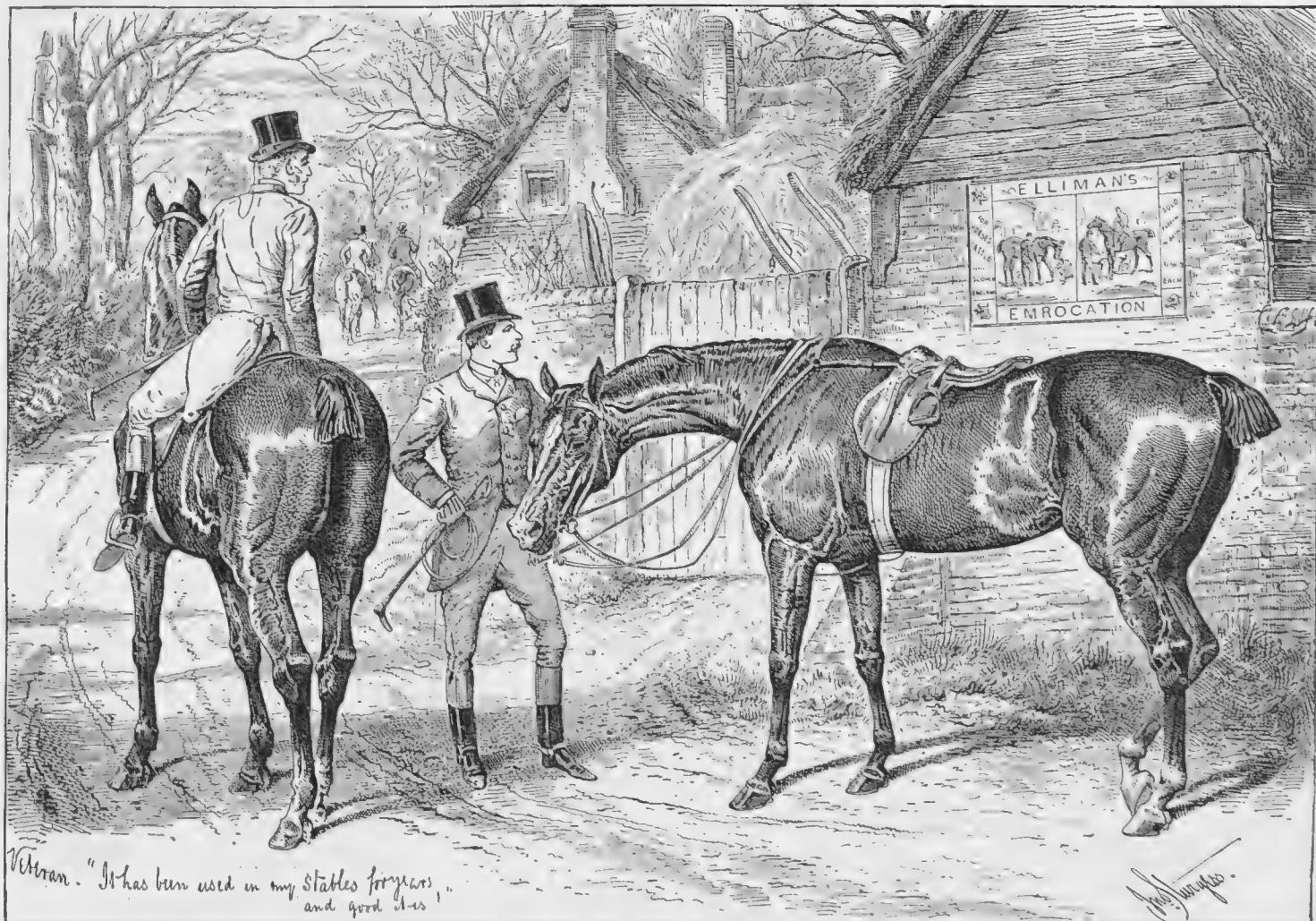


ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

*Quoted from the Journal of Bishop G. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE,
Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892:—*

"I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly preferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced, the other not."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.



VETERAN: "IT HAS BEEN USED IN MY STABLES FOR YEARS, AND GOOD IT IS!"

Brooke's Soap

MONKEY BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
 I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;
 And we both declare, as half the world knows,
 Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES".

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING

FLOORS & KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM & OILCLOTHS.

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FOR POLISHING

METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Ministerialists are all astray like sheep, and the Ministerial ship is drifting without a helm. That was revealed clearly enough last week over both Scotch and London affairs. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith being away, Mr. Morley and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman seemed quite incapable of guiding their party, and the consequence was a defeat by one vote on the Water Companies Bill, the opposition to which by the County Council was backed up by the Government, and, subsequently, such reductions in their majority as were shown in divisions on which they won only by fifteen and eighteen. Considering that everyone knew that the Irish vote was shaky, these blows meant either very bad "whipping," very bad leading, or else—did someone whisper that Lord Rosebery was riding for a fall?

SCOTCH MUDDLING.

Sir George Trevelyan ought to have accepted that Colonial Governorship which it was rumoured he was to have. His performances as a Parliamentarian last week were pitiful. His Special Grand Committee for Scotch affairs, which he seemed to think was such a small affair, was riddled in debate by Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Clarke, but poor Sir George and the rest of the Government do not seem to have understood even then that the proposal was rather an important one. The fact is that it had never been considered properly at all, and when the Scotch Home Rule debate came on, and Sir George Trevelyan voted for Home Rule just as he was prepared to vote for a Grand Committee, his utter muddleheadedness became farcical. There is not much likelihood of our hearing more of this grand Grand Committee, after the divisions of Thursday evening. But what a spectacle of political leadership! The loss of Mr. Gladstone has never been so apparent as last week. When the Treasury Bench is represented by Sir George Trevelyan, no wonder the Radicals are getting restless, and saying that they would not mind having a dissolution.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is not much better than Sir George Trevelyan. It so happened that Colonel Palmer, a Conservative, had won in the ballot for places on Wednesday, and he took the opportunity to bring on the second reading of Mr. Bartley's Old Age Pensions Bill. This is a subject which the Radicals have used freely on political platforms, but when it is put into shape by a Tory they will do anything rather than support it. If the Radicals had had any real desire for social legislation, they would have read Colonel Palmer's Bill a second time, and given a thorough consideration to the details in Committee. But, instead, they used their brute force to shelve it by adjourning the debate. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, one might have thought, would have at least praised the object of the Bill. But no, he even went so far as to criticise it, point out its expense, anomalies, and so on. Mr. Chamberlain had him on the hip, however, in reminding him of another Bill, far more open to these objections, brought in by the Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board, Sir Walter Foster, before the last elections, and dropped as soon as he came into office. This is the usual way, however: the Radicals are very great on talking about social legislation, but when in office they are far too much occupied with jerrymandering the electorate and altering the machinery of Government to attend to any of them. In the same way, Mr. Hopwood, that earnest Radical faddist, has distinguished himself by blocking that useful little measure, the Pistols Bill, and is doing his best to block the Cruelty to Children Bill.

WHAT NEXT?

On Saturday everyone was speculating as to a possible resignation of the Government on Tuesday. Sir William Harcourt's resolve to take Tuesdays and Fridays up to Whitsuntide irritated the young Radicals immensely, and was, naturally, not likely to be supported by the Unionists. The fact is that Lord Rosebery has not concealed his own dislike of the tactics of the more advanced Radicals, and Sir William cannot keep them in order. This cannot go on for long.

Cardinal Vaughan does not love sitting for his portrait, but if anything would reconcile that distinguished ecclesiastic to so great an ordeal it should be the excellent likeness which Mr. Goldsborough Anderson has accomplished of his Eminence. The work is destined for Archbishop's House, Westminster, as a presentation portrait, and will be exhibited at the New Gallery. Other pictures of Lady Blomfield and Mrs. Maitland King, the lady doctor, are excellent examples of this rising young artist's vigorous, truthful style.

A pretty experiment, successfully brought off in the Black Country recently, might be advantageously adopted by London hostesses in want of an idea on the party-giving question. The Master Cutler of Sheffield and his wife issued invitations for a patch-and-powder ball, in which the men were expected to appear in bag wigs and knee-breeches, ladies' qualifications being mercifully confined to the former item. Over six hundred people were present, and one of the number writes enthusiastically of the picturesque appearance this old-world revival presented. The ladies carried bouquets of roses, and the men were buttonholed to match. The notion reads very acceptably.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Government have won a series of noted successes in bye-elections. It is, I believe, almost a record in politics for an Administration to have lost only one seat in two years and to have maintained the balance of votes almost precisely as it stood at the general contest. I wish I could say that things were as promising inside the House as they are outside. That, however, is not the case. Lord Rosebery has, on the whole, contributed a popular strength to the combination of which he is the head that, in my opinion, it lacked under Mr. Gladstone. It is in the House of Commons itself that we miss the familiar presence and power. "After all, there was nobody like the Old Man," is the note that you nowadays hear. Mr. Gladstone's courage, his personal charm, his unrivalled facility for turning ugly corners and taking stiff hedges, these are the things that we miss in Sir William Harcourt. Truth to say, the new Leader is not a success; his absences from the House, his lapses of temper, are not altogether balanced by his tact, his knowledge, and his frequent stock of real Parliamentary power. That, however, is not the only trouble; there are the Irishmen, who are not keeping such good discipline as they did a few months ago, who are divided between the two sections led respectively by Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton, and who are threatened by the irreconcileable Redmondite faction. The Government have lost by far the strongest and ablest Whip that the Liberal party has had since the days of Sir William Adam, and the man who replaces him, though he is a competent, able, and serious politician, is still rather new to the work. The result has been that we have had two or three rather serious tactical failures; the Government has been beaten once on the Lords question, and by a majority of one over the London Water question, though that, of course, is not Imperial business. The majorities have sunk to eighteen and fifteen, and there are one or two anti-Rosebery intriguers who are still very busy within their own ranks, and people are getting into the uncomfortable habit of fearing to breathe hard, in case the whole structure should come down about their ears. No doubt, we politicians are a nervous set, and there is no reason, after all, why the machine should not right itself again and get to its appointed work; still, the aspect of things to-day is not good for one's nerves.

THE RIVAL LEADERS.

Meanwhile, the man who is shining the most in a dubious and perplexing situation, which is far easier for him than for any one of his rivals, is Mr. Balfour. He is coming out very strong indeed. People who knew the Arthur Balfour of ten years ago would hardly have recognised him in the brilliant and resourceful debater, the adroit and powerful tactician, who, I must say, in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, stands easily first in the House of Commons. Whatever happens at the General Election, there can be no doubt that if the Tories come back to power the future Prime Minister will be Mr. Balfour. Lord Salisbury could do nothing less than recognise that his party owes all its stability to his nephew. From the debating point of view Mr. Balfour's success is almost unfailing; Sir William Harcourt is a skilful debater, but of late he has not been at his best, having shown weariness, lack of spirits and energy. Not so Mr. Balfour; over the debate on the Scottish Grand Committee, over Mr. Dalziel's motion for Scottish Home Rule, again and again he has borne off the situation with perfect success; he has lost his old languor, just as his speeches are taking on a robuster quality than the rather thin debating society harangues with which in the old days he used to favour us. He speaks with fire, great dialectical point, with a certain infectious energy that does all the good in the world to the men who sit behind him. In particular, he has quite eclipsed Mr. Chamberlain; with all the Member for Birmingham's cleverness, his tactics are rarely good, and his tone is never quite right. Mr. Balfour's temper is getting almost perfect; he used to be over-personal, and sometimes even a trifle rude—not intentionally, I believe, but from a certain infelicity in the choice of his words. All these faults have disappeared. He has, of course, had an unrivalled opportunity, but, then, he has used it to the uttermost.

THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Why should we not regard the modern British section of the National Gallery as a kind of English Luxembourg? Then we should be able to collect just a sufficient respect for these particular rooms which they deserve, a little less permanent than one's respect for the remainder of the great Gallery. The pleasant effect of such an attitude would be that, in time, those works which the general opinion sets aside as of perdurable value would be drafted into the rooms which are filled by the works of earlier British artists. It really seems a little dreadful to associate Constables of so fine a character as those possessed by the National Gallery with such a picture, for example—whatever qualities it may otherwise possess—as "The Derby Day."

Speaking of the National Gallery, we may as well record the fact that a nephew of John Opie has given the Gallery what the *Athenaeum* describes as a "very finely painted and sympathetically studied portrait of a handsome and intelligent young man" by the Academician in question. The picture, we presume, will hang in the rooms that contain the famous works of the modern British School, among that odd gathering of Rossetti, Herberts, Friths, Constables, Etty, and the single Cecil Lawson of which the Gallery can boast. An odd collection, truly, of the great and the small, for which a suggestion might not be inapt.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Rejoice and be glad all ye who have the good fortune to come in any way under the category of "blondes," for you can revel this season in all shades of blue, and clothe yourself in garments of the hue of the turquoise, or the sapphire, or, may be, of the forget-me-not, enjoying meanwhile the soul-comforting knowledge that you are following in the



lead of your Sovereign Lady Dame Fashion and suiting yourself at the same time, two conditions which do not always go hand in hand. Blue is, without doubt, to be the colour of the season, and will take the place of the green which has reigned supreme for the last two years. To some the change will undoubtedly be a very welcome one, while the large number of those to whom it will not be altogether pleasant must adapt it to their own requirements as best they can, by selecting the darker and less trying shades of the chosen colour.

Taking it on the whole, however, the ways through which we are to be led this season will be very pleasant ones, judging, at least, from the little preliminary stroll which I made the other day in company with that most clever and trusty guide, Madame Thorpe, whose pretty salon at 106, New Bond Street is always filled with the most charming embodiments of the hints and suggestions which she always manages to wheedle out of Dame Fashion long before most people have thought of approaching her on the subject of new styles. Madame Thorpe confirms me in what I said last week, and has not much faith in the long continuance of the draped skirt, for she has just been over to Paris, and the very best houses there are still making skirts perfectly plain—a fact which I expect most of you will be glad to hear, for most women have a deeply rooted affection for this style, based on the knowledge that it is invariably becoming.

But now to tell you of a few of the objects which struck me most during my tour of investigation in Fashion's private thoroughfare. First of all, I found my way strewn with all manner of the most exquisite silks and brocades in the loveliest possible designs and colours. Imagine one, for instance, with a delicate leaf-green ground, brocaded with festoons of ribbon in a pale shade, caught up with tiny gold bows and wee clusters of violets and roses. My fancy wavered between this and another, which had a pale blue ground, with pin spots in black, while over it were scattered tiny single roses and buds in tea-rose yellow. Just imagine how lovely either of these would look when made up! Then

I fell in love consecutively with some pale tan-coloured moiré antique, brocaded with blue cornflowers, and a green glacé silk with a design of single violets, buttercups, and roses; while for Court trains you could not well imagine anything more exquisite than some moiré antique of the hue of Tuscan straw, with narrow stripes of white satin dividing great showers of shadowy roses, which looked exactly as if they had been painted by hand. To patriotic Irishwomen I can recommend a white moiré, striped with green satin, and brocaded with tiny green shamrocks. But there, everything must come to an end sooner or later, and I shall find my allotted space exhausted all too soon if I allow myself to think for one moment longer of all the beauties of those most fascinating fabrics, so, metaphorically, I cast them behind me and am prepared to devote myself to the gowns.

And what can I do better than tell you, first of all, about the three gowns I have had sketched for you, and by the time I have done I think you will have conceived a very great respect and admiration for Madame Thorpe, which should result in your placing yourself entirely in her hands. Believe me, you will, if you accept my advice, be always perfectly dressed, in just the way which suits your style best, and—a word in your ear—her prices are moderation itself.

Imagine, then, to start with, a very plain but absolutely lovely gown of spotted chiné silk, in a beautiful shade of Tuscan, with clusters of reddish-pink roses and green leaves, with that wonderfully soft, shadowy appearance which is generally associated with hand-painting. The plain skirt is trimmed with two narrow frills of fine creamy lace, headed by a narrow French galon, and the bodice—which has full sleeves, finished off at the wrist with a fall of lace—is simply trimmed with braces of green satin ribbon, the waistband being of the same ribbon, while a jabot of lace completes the effect. With this gown is worn one of the smartest and most original little mantles which I have ever had the good fortune to meet. It is of moiré in a shade of green, exactly matching that of the leaves on the dress, and is simply composed of a shoulder cape and rounded zouaves, bordered with the French galon, a frill of the lace falling beneath the shoulder capes, and hanging in



long ends at each side. There are infinite possibilities in this essentially *chic* cape, for it could be made in any material or colour, though I should suggest black moiré antique, combined with string-coloured lace, as the most generally useful. Nor must I forget the curiously shaped hat which crowns this costume, for it is one of Madame Thorpe's most successful productions in the way of millinery. It is of Tuscan straw, trimmed most effectively with long ostrich plumes and roses to match the

[Continued on page 605.]

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"SERPENTINE."	"PEONY & LILAC."	"CARNATION."
Reversible. 32 in., 1-1/2 yard.	32 in., 1-2/3 yard.	32 in., 1-1/4 yard.
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In Gold or Oak Tan, Spear Points, Stitched Red.		
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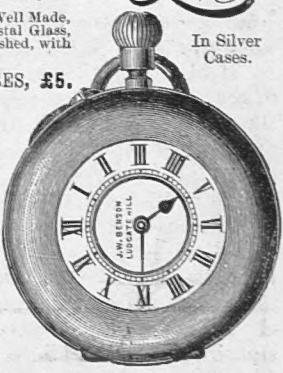
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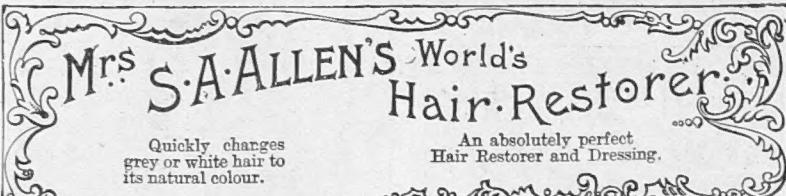
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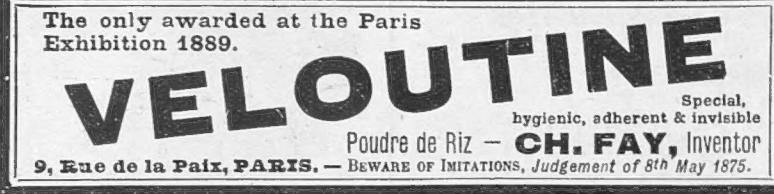
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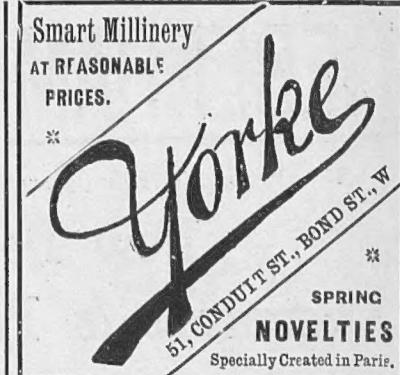
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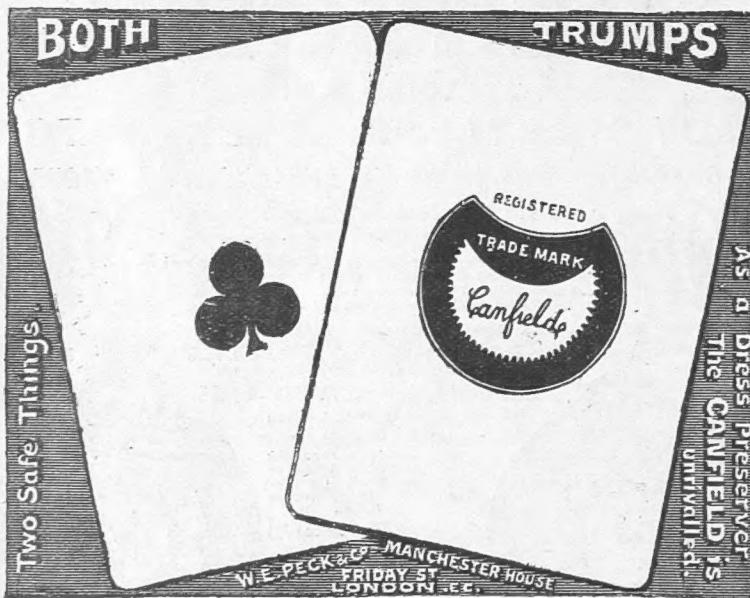
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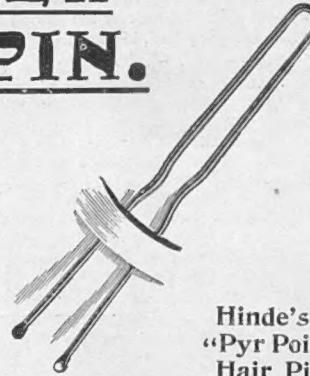
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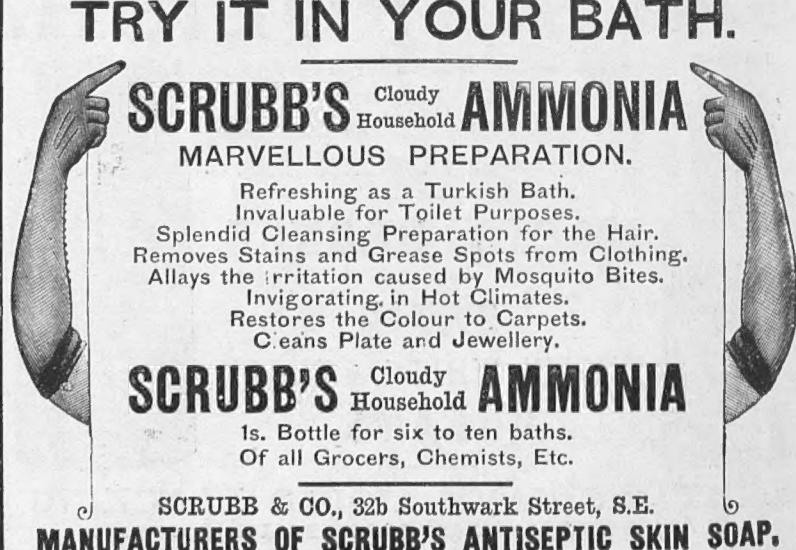
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dress, to which it gives a perfect finish, and is wonderfully cheap at one and a-half guineas.

Variety is charming, so the next dress is an absolute contrast, with its skirt of pale tan-coloured Carmen cloth, opening in front over a panel of glacé silk in a paler shade, the stripes of pale blue and white, with a touch of pink and black, being arranged to go across, while the cloth is bordered at each side with a narrow appliquéd guipure lace, which forms a medallion at each corner. The bodice is set off by a deep pointed collar of handsome guipure, beneath which falls a full square front of the silk, the puffs of the sleeves being also slashed with it. Two little bands of silk, drawn into a rosette at the side, accentuate the slimness of the waist, and the little tab of lace on each side is wonderfully effective. Such a lovely and original dress deserves a smart

hat, and it is provided with a distinctly novel one of black straw, the brim arranged in flutes, between which are laid points of creamy guipure. It is tied with wide black moiré strings, and has for trimming a bow of moiré and clusters of black and green violets. I may tell you that this charming hat, either in straw or drawn lace, is only 35s. 6d.

The last gown is the everything for present wear, and it will appeal to most of you, I think, both on account of its smartness and its moderate price. It is in a pretty shade of pink, with the new diamond-shaped check in black, and the skirt opens at the left side over a panel of black moiré, three large buttons covered with moiré being placed quaintly at the side. The bodice has a vest of pink silk, with a jabot of lovely lace, and the revers, of black moiré, are bordered with an edging of pink silk. As to the smartness and originality of this gown there can be no question, and for the small expenditure of five and a-half guineas you can be arrayed in an exactly similar one, made in any colour which

may seem best to you. I should advise you to complete the costume with the dainty little Dutch bonnet which is sketched with it, and which, though of delicate pink mirror velvet, trimmed with ostrich tips and moiré ribbon, is only 25s. 6d.

Having come to the end of the sketches, I must do my best to do credit to some more of Madame Thorpe's productions by means of word-painting only, and first I want to specially direct your attention to a new costume which she has just made, and which, to all intents, answers the purposes of three gowns at the price of one. It is of tobacco-brown covert coating, and the skirt is perfectly plain with the exception of a waved band of the cloth which is placed about three inches above the hem and ornamented with two rows of stitching. The smart little bodice is arranged in a very novel way with puffs of turquoise-blue glacé silk, the draped neckband being of the same lovely colour, and, just as it is, there is a smart house gown. When you want to go out, all you have to do is to add a perfectly-fitting basque, which fastens under the waistband and is bordered, like the skirt, with a waved band of cloth, and there you have a perfect outdoor gown; while, if so be that the weather is chilly, a delightful little cape is provided, very full, and short enough to show the waist, the waved band of cloth again appearing as the sole trimming, and the lining being of turquoise-blue silk.

I also liked a dress of electric-blue cloth, with collar, pointed basques, revers, and yoke of black moiré brightened up by a narrow edging of jet, the yoke being further ornamented with two bands of white guipure bordered with jet. There were also very short, square zouaves, edged with a handsome jet fringe, and the skirt, which was arranged in full box-pleats at the sides, just shewed a suggestion of a black moiré petticoat. A dress of tan-and-black check, the bodice having the sleeves cut in points over a puffing of black moiré, had a full skirt trimmed in a very novel way with black moiré ribbon, arranged in apron form in front; while still another delightful dress, which conjured up visions of summer garden parties, was of delicate vieux-rose crépon, with narrow stripes of fine white lace over green silk, the bodice being covered with a drapery of shot-green and pink silk, tying in a bow at the left side. I hardly know which I liked better, this, or a gown of pale tan-coloured crépon, accordion-pleated, and edged with vandykes of black satin. The skirt drapery was arranged in points, and showed a petticoat of black satin

brocaded with a tiny floral design in pink; while the bodice, of the same brocade, had a full front of accordion-pleated crépon, with a vandyked yoke of black satin, interspersed with bands of jet-and-gold passementerie.

I must wander off, however, to a tea gown, which was, indeed, a thing of beauty. It was of powder-blue satin, with a draped front of moiré in lovely shades of pink and green, the design being outlined with tiny silver sequins. The shoulder capes were edged with a deep band of closely-set sequins, continued into fringed girdle ends in front, and the yoke and collar were of rose-pink silk, covered with a new and very lovely kind of guipure in a pale shade of tan. The back was arranged in a Watteau pleat, and the elbow sleeves were finished off with turned-back cuffs, and ornamented at each side with a band of pink silk covered with lace. No words can do such a garment justice, so I may as well leave you to imagine the effect for yourselves, and pass on to a tea or theatre jacket, of pearl-white satin, brocaded with pink, and with a draped collar and yoke of leaf-green velvet, a little knot of creamy lace being placed at the throat. From beneath the yoke, which was trimmed with three plain bands of satin, fell a deep frill of lace, and the bodice was continued into pannier-like basques, caught at each side with a velvet bow. Over the shoulder fell double capes of brocade and velvet, and the deep turned-back cuffs were lined with velvet and fastened with a tiny bow.

Another—but there, enough is as good as a feast, and I should only bewilder you if I tried to tell you of any more of the lovely things I saw, though I could go on indefinitely: I only hope I have whetted your appetite sufficiently to send you flying off to 106, New Bond Street on your own account. You need not be afraid of the prices, for they are wonderfully moderate, and Madame Thorpe makes a great specialty of gowns at five and five and a-half guineas, a price which most people would be only too glad to pay for a smart and perfectly-fitting dress.

Weddings, to change the subject, are in the air just now, and every one of them specially interests a certain number of people, while I think it would be difficult to find the soured and hardened creature to whom weddings in general did not appeal in some way. So I make no apology for mentioning a particularly pretty function, which, on April 3, all Colchester and its wife assembled to witness at the pretty little church of St. Mary-at-the-Walls, when Miss Amy Florence Laver was married to Colonel C. A. Lyon-Campbell. A bevy of charming bridesmaids attended a very pretty bride, and the wedding party, which was afterwards held at Mr. Osborne's beautiful place, Altnacialgach, was very smart and largely attended. The bridal dress was a specially magnificent one of brocaded satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and the presents combined everything which could come under the heading of picturesque or practical, from cheques to Chippendale.

While on the subject of weddings, I have got something quite unique in the way of a wedding present, which I think most people would appreciate, especially when you let them know that the Empress Frederick of Germany was presented with the same article when she paid a visit of inspection to Messrs. William Wallace and Co.'s premises, at 151 to 155, Curtain Road, E.C.—a notable occasion, surely, for it is not often that royalty goes in that direction and expresses hearty approval of what is seen. This wonderful invention, then, is termed the "Panton Indispensable Corner Wardrobe," and is the very latest production of the enterprising firm mentioned, whose name it will undoubtedly make famous everywhere. Imagine the convenience of being able to utilise the ordinarily useless corners of a bed-room, and to have in whatever place you may take up your abode a safe resting-place for gowns and coats. You have only got to obtain one of these corner wardrobes, and, as they are portable, you can take it with you on your travels or on your holiday trips, or enjoy its advantages at home with equal ease. The accompanying illustration will show you its appearance exactly, both when in use and when folded up for packing; but I may tell you that, made to represent either light or dark oak or mahogany, and fitted with curtains of art serge, the price complete is only twenty-seven shillings. It takes to pieces in a few moments, and top sides, hooks, and curtains can all be packed up into a most respectable-looking parcel, so I do not think that I am saying too much when I affirm that one or more of these wardrobes should be in every house. You can have handsome fringed twill serge curtains for a small increased price, and carved pediments for three or four shillings extra. Messrs. Wallace and Co. will send these wardrobes carriage paid, on receipt of remittance, to any part of the United Kingdom, so get one at once, every one of you, and see how useful it will be.

FLORENCE.



DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

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